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WILLIAM McKINLEY'S WEDDING

April

AN OLD FRIEND'S STORY

Ten Cents

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

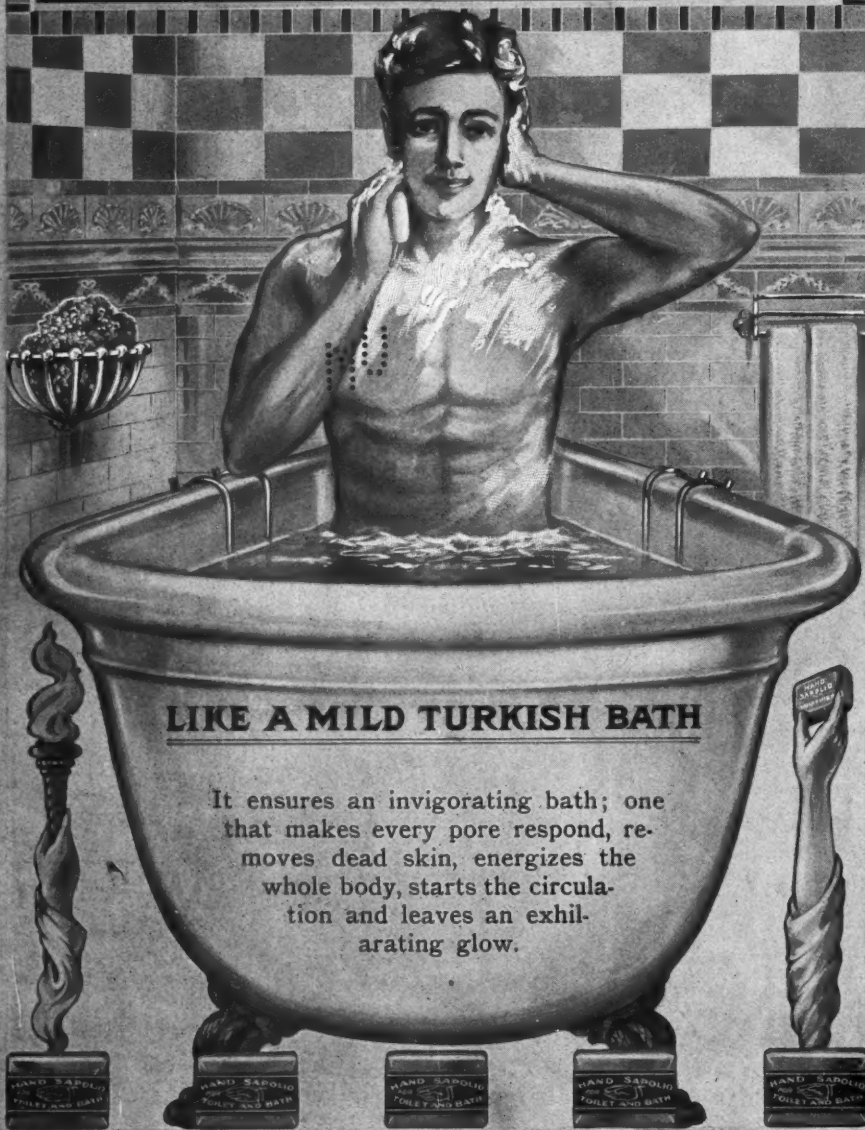
EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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HAND SAPOLIO

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LIKE A MILD TURKISH BATH

It ensures an invigorating bath; one that makes every pore respond, removes dead skin, energizes the whole body, starts the circulation and leaves an exhilarating glow.

WILLIAM HENRY MOODY OF MASSACHUSETTS, THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

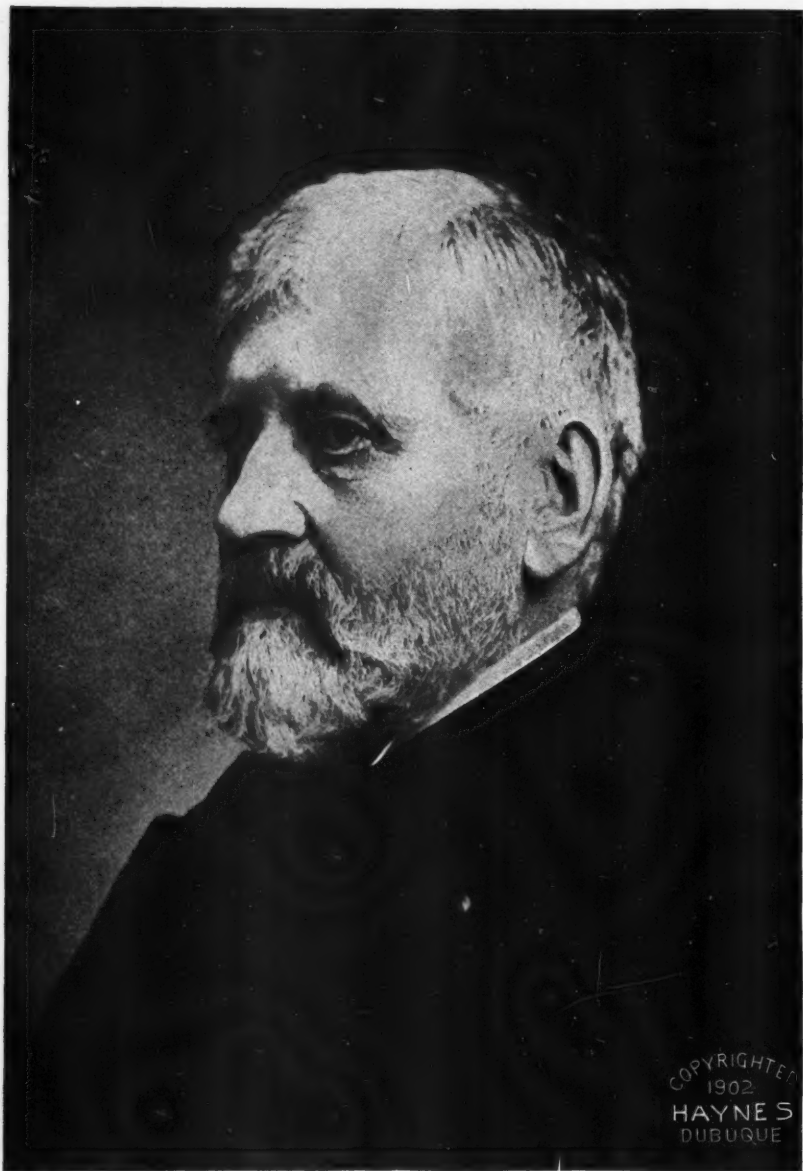
Mr. Moody, who will succeed Secretary Long on May 1, is a native of the state he represents, a Harvard graduate and a lawyer. He was district attorney for the eastern district of Massachusetts from 1890 to 1895. He entered the fifty-fourth Congress and was re-elected to the fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth Congresses. On December 23, this year, Mr. Moody will be fifty years old. His home is in Haverhill, Mass.

Photo copyrighted, 1899, by Purdy



WILLIAM BOYD ALLISON OF IOWA, DEAN OF THE AMERICAN SENATE

Mr. Allison has recently been given the unprecedented honor of a fifth re-election to the United States Senate from Iowa. With the completion of his present term, he will have served thirty years in the upper House, a longer term by several months than his nearest rival for length of service, the late Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri. And, as the senior senator from Iowa has splendid health, it is fairly to be expected that he will serve the full term of his thirty-five years—and as much longer as he may be willing, making a record not likely ever to be equalled by any other senator.



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Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT appears to be growing larger and stronger every day in the White House. His positiveness—sincere and earnest—is reflected in the poses which he assumes while talking over matters with visitors in the big room from ten a. m. to noon. Now he sits sideways in his chair. Later he draws up three chairs and places one squarely in front of two gentlemen to go at the beet sugar proposition. An open letter in his hand is folded and crumpled—he listens as intensely as he speaks. He may be sitting across one foot, tapping the floor with the other, in perfect martial rhythm, to the tune of “A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night.” He stops and dictates a note—written on a pad by the stenographer. The slip of shorthand notes is dispatched across the room and soon comes back to Mr. Cortelyou with a red tag on it. That

means “immediate”—and that word loses none of its meaning in the service of President Roosevelt. The perfect system with which Secretary Cortelyou handles the correspondence is a marvel. There is no irritating click of typewriters

in the room, and I could not help observing what a breathless silence came over the room full of people when the President dictated a letter on the fly. His whole procedure is distinctly American and business-like, and I think if the President had a business motto to hang about the White House it would be, “*DO IT NOW.*”

The window retreat near the cabinet door is a favorite spot for semi-confidential conferences. The room is

never too full for him, and his hearty greetings always mean much. With Rough Riders who come in to see their former chief it is always “Jim” and

MISS ELIZA BRADFORD, DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL BRADFORD, AND ONE OF THE DEBUTANTES OF THE CAPITAL SEASON



"John," "Bill" or "Joe," and with some of these favored visitors he recently went back in joyous reminiscences to the days when he ran a cattle ranch in North Dakota. "I know something about the cattle business myself," he said—and he does. This favoritism does not extend beyond personal grounds. Upon matters involving the public service, the President gives the same positive, point blank yes or no to his friends that he gives to the unknowns.

His attire still suggests the early days at Harvard—the turn down collar, the black tie, the roll cuffs—no links in his. There is usually some particular period in each individual's life when the preference for attire is fixed, either in the

CONGRESSMAN JOHN J. FEELY OF CHICAGO

Mr. Feely astonished the politicians when he defeated "Billy" Lorimer, the hitherto unbeaten head of the Republican machine in Cook County. The district was Republican, but the independent voters were tired of Lorimerism. Mr. Feely is one of the youngest men in Congress. His chief efforts to date have been in defence of oleomargarine.



college or the courting days, and that style of collar, cravat and cuffs is adhered

to tenaciously. In the President's room hang portraits of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, and a group in-

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES WHEELER OF KENTUCKY

Mr. Wheeler enlivened a recent session of the House by vigorously attacking the plans for sending special American envoys to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward. Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio and other members retorted with equal heat.



cluding all of the presidents, with White House and Capitol in the centre, has recently been hung there.

IT was an interesting sight at the State department to see an American citizen give over, in due form, \$10,000,000 with which to endow educational efforts, the same to be conducted partially at least under the guidance of federal officials. Andrew Carnegie has not, as was first stated, fulfilled George Washington's dream of a National University. His great fund is to be expended in assisting men and women of promise in original research, in whatever line—so that this research promises some addition to the general knowledge or welfare—and at

TRUSTEES OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION

The names of the gentlemen shown in the group, reading from left to right, are: Speaker Henderson, Senator Frye, Ex-Secretary Gage, Secretary Root, Secretary Hay, Andrew Carnegie, Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor; Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, D. O. Mills, Dr. John S. Billings, Ex-Mayor Abram Hewitt of New York, Judge Morrow of California, Wayne MacVeagh, C. D. Hutchinson of Chicago, Mr. Frew of Pittsburgh, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, President of the Carnegie Institution; Colonel Henry Higginson of Boston, and Henry Hitchcock.



From a photograph made for the "National" by the Illustrated Press Association

whatever place the student can work to the best advantage. No buildings will be erected out of this fund; none will be needed. The

officers, headed by Dr. Gilman, former president of Johns Hopkins University, will maintain offices in Washington, but no effort will be made by them to build up a university in the common sense of the word. With a sparkle in his blue eyes, and a modesty and graciousness that were fascinating in his whole mien, Mr. Carnegie in that little gathering formally gave of his wealth to found the Carnegie Institution. His wisdom in giving money is quite as pronounced as it was in making money. His idea in giving this fund is to supplement present educational institutions. His money will found endowments that will enable scholars and scientists to pursue special

lines of work which lack of funds might otherwise compel them to abandon, or pursue but intermittently. Mr. Carnegie was at his best on this occasion. He certainly has given the rich men of the world an example which if generally followed would soon bring about a better understanding and richer sympathy between the extremes of society. The meeting in the palatial "red parlor" of the New Willard hotel

the next morning certainly indicated the presence of the silver spoon at the birth of the new institution. Ex-Mayor Abram

CONGRESSMAN JOHN T. SHAFROTH OF COLORADO

A Missourian and a graduate of the University of Michigan, Mr. Shafroth located in Denver in 1879, practicing law. He is serving his second term in the lower House. Politically, he is listed as a silverite. He is a good speaker, a hard worker and a useful member.



Hewitt and Secretary Root walked off arm in arm, and Director Walcott carried away the minutes of the meeting that contained a record of a gift larger than the total yearly income of the government in the days of Washington. Those were indeed golden minutes in the history of modern education.

THERE is one senate committee room which has in these days immense at-

tractions for the anxious army of census clerks and their friends. This is the room where Chairman Quarles of the census committee holds forth. It is now reached by diving through some subterranean corridors, but was at one time a famous place, being occupied for years by Daniel Webster. In those days it was very convenient to the Senate chamber, which was then located where the supreme court now sits. The marble mantel and fireplace are the same as in Webster's time, and as I sat before the embers, that glowed through the wire screen, I tried to fancy the scene as those great cavernous eyes were fixed in thought and reverie, before the same fireplace. The marble of the mantle is handsomely carved and when it was brought from France was

considered the finest in the Capitol. Now it is dim and smoky with age, and

ELLIOTT WOOD, ARCHITECT OF THE FEDERAL CAPITOL

Photo by Bell



MISS CLARA RICE OF SAN FRANCISCO, A NIECE OF JULIAN RALPH, AND A FAVORITE IN LONDON SOCIETY



has long been surpassed by the brilliant and costly fittings of modern times. The old arched walls and beveled partitions could probably tell of many an important "constitutional" conference—and there were more of levity and relaxation in those days than now, I am told. To-day, these are strictly and distinctively business offices. In these rooms the real business of the government is transacted. This room was once occupied by Seantor Quay, but over the door of one of the new committee rooms I note a gilded sign — *SENATOR QUAY*. This, I believe, is the first time a committee room has borne the name of an individual senator. The reason for this exception to the rule

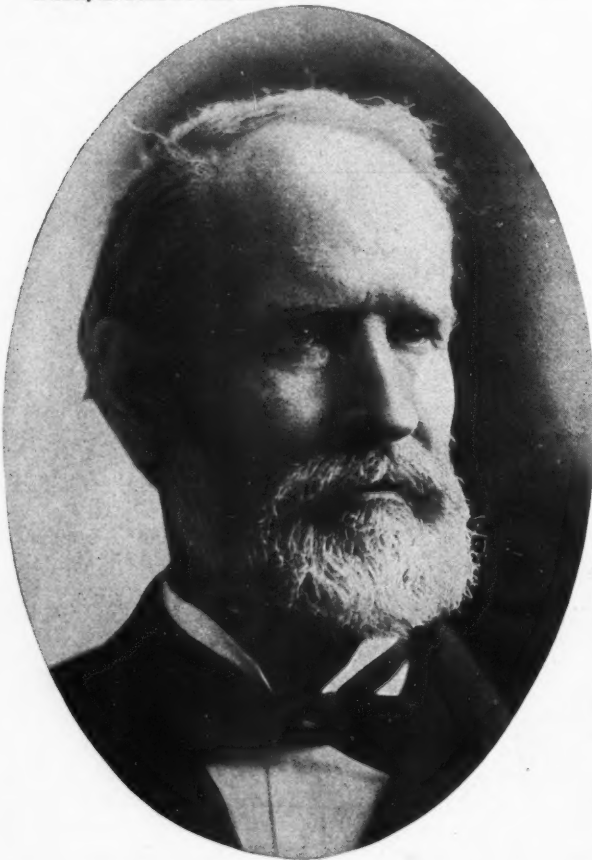
has not been publicly stated, but it has revived the phrase—"A bigger man than old Grant."

THE steadfastness of the Iowa mind, as well as the prominence which that quality has given the Hawkeye state in

tor of Iowa for his sixth successive term. Senator William Boyd Allison has been a potential factor in national life for over a third of a century. And it is largely to this fact that Iowa owes her prominence in Congress to-day. Senator Allison has done more to bring

JAMES WILSON OF IOWA, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

Iowa, the home of so many great national leaders at the present time, is not more proud of any of them than of the man who has lifted the department of agriculture to a higher rank than it ever before held, and has made it a powerful factor in extending the foreign markets for American farm products. Like Speaker Henderson, Mr. Wilson is a son of Scotland—one of that Scotch-Irish breed that comes to the top like a cork in a wash tub.



the councils of the nation, are emphasized by the election, for the first time in the history of the nation, of the senior sena-

tor of Iowa for his sixth successive term. Senator William Boyd Allison has been a potential factor in national life for over a third of a century. And it is largely to this fact that Iowa owes her prominence in Congress to-day. Senator Allison has done more to bring

young men to the front and develop them than any other public man. Quietly, unostentatiously, he serves his state and the nation with a sincerity and a nobility rarely equalled. The Iowa inscription on the Washington monument is a bit of epigrammatic eloquence:

"Iowa—the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow on to inseparable union."

It is this unprecedented way of holding her congressional forces intact that has given the Hawkeye state leadership over every other commonwealth in this year 1902. Other states produce presidents: Iowa contributes a strain of sturdy, sane Americanism that runs through all the nation's greatest legislative acts; her sons are powerful to

shape whatever affects the destiny of the nation.

It was "Fifty-four forty or fight" in the

MISS CLARA E. BAKER OF WASHINGTON

MISS MARGARET ELLA SHAW OF WASHINGTON



early days of Enoch Eastman of Eldora—but now it seems to be, “Forty out of fifty high places for Iowa men, or know the reason why,” and there appears never to be a paucity of prime material from the Hawkeye state to fill all the high places in sight.

With a soil that is an impregnable fortress for crops—a soil akin to that of that province of France which has not failed of constant fruitfulness once in a decade of centuries, Iowa is distinctively an agricultural state. The new map by Sidney Foster reveals the fact that the best por-

tions of adjoining states are those which lie against Iowa's borders.

MRS. SHOWALTER, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN SHOWALTER

They have taken a house in the fashionable Northwest section of the Capital and are entertaining.

Photo by Buck



SENATOR ALLISON'S kindly nod and quiet “Yes, yes,” has inspired many young men. There is W J McGee, the blacksmith boy from Farley, who used to write so incessantly to the senator for documents—and study them, too. One day the folks in the Geological Survey wanted a man for a special duty. “I believe I know the right young man,” said Senator Allison. He brought McGee where he could have his fill of documents and

reports at first hand. Mr. McGee's success in his new field has been the source of a great deal of pleasure to the senator—and so in many other instances. The senator has never got very far away from the sincerely ambitious farmer boys of his state, and has never been so busy but what he could see to it that his boys had the best government literature, and that they were given proper encouragement in the times when it was most needed.

IT has been a rare pleasure for me to sit and talk with Senator Allison, nested in a pile of newspapers that were lying on the floor about him in his back parlor. His keen black eyes, under heavy eyebrows, see straight to the truth of things and men, and his mental attitude is never marred by a sneer or a scoff—it is beautified by

great-hearted kindness. The dean of the American Senate is a figure well worthy of emulation by aspiring young

NEW RIVER, FROM HAWK'S NEST, WEST VIRGINIA, ON THE LINE OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY



Americans, both for his success and his public services, and for the clean, square manner of their accomplishment.

A FAIR DAUGHTER OF BALTIMORE



IT is not a far cry to 1888 as time goes, but at the Republican National convention of that year there was a strong likelihood that Iowa would furnish the first presidential candidate from west of the Mississippi. That was the crucial time for Sherman and Harrison, but William B. Allison was also a prime favorite. New York and Pennsylvania concentrated upon Harrison—the magic of the name was felt and he was nominated. Cabinet positions offered by Garfield, Harrison and McKinley have never tempted Iowa's senator from the duty he believed he owed to his state. Not long ago I sat late with Senator Allison in his com-

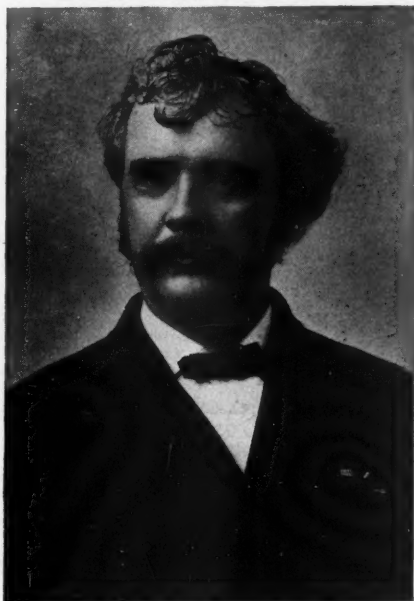
mittee room, where early and late, with his papers, he has given a concentrated devotion to public business that would have earned him a large private fortune in business life. In 1863 the young Dubuque lawyer, who had arrived five years before from Ohio, his native state, was nominated for Congress. Many of the Iowa soldiers of the Thirty-First Volunteers and other regiments cast their first vote for William B. Allison in the field. The young Dubuque lawyer called the attention of Governor Grimes to the fact that soldiers in the field were in danger of being disfranchised and the very next night a special session of the legislature was called to provide a way for the soldiers to vote. Senator Allison, in a reminiscent mood, told me that he had no idea at that time of entering upon a permanent political career.

"When I served one term my ambition was to serve well enough to deserve a second term—just one more." And he has grown gray in the service of his state and the nation. The first House committee he served upon was Public Lands, but Speaker Schuyler Colfax asked him to serve on the Ways and Means committee at the beginning of his second term. The matter of "ways and means" was an important question during the war and in the years that followed. But in that eight years of service in the lower House, the quiet, modest young Iowa congressman proved a great force, and in 1873 he was sent to the Senate and put on the appropriations committee the first term; he has served on that committee since—its chairman for over a score of years. In 1877 he was also put on the finance committee and is now the chief factor in handling the entire appropriations of the government, amounting to over \$650,000,000 yearly. An idea of the growth of

the government budget may be gained from the post office. In the first year he served it was \$27,000,000, then \$31,000,000 and last year exceeded \$155,000,000. All this growth in a little over a quarter of a century. The country, and in fact every man in public life, of whatever party, have always looked upon Senator Allison as the balance wheel of appropriation judgment, and the same radical common sense has been characteristic of all of his official acts. "When Senator Allison voices a conclusion it is concluded," is a saying at the capital.

W J MCGEE OF WASHINGTON, A DISTINGUISHED ETHNOLOGIST

Professor McGee came to Washington from Dubuque, years ago, as a protegee of Senator Allison, and he has not disappointed his patron, having by sheer force of character risen to eminence in the line of his chosen work. He has lately created somewhat of a sensation by declaring his conviction that the Adam and Eve story is a myth. "Their story is to be held in the highest reverence," he says, "but science is distinctly against them." Each race, he holds, had its own source, and all peoples, in his opinion, are constantly growing more like each other, rather than developing differences, according to the theory of monogenesis.



In the intense struggle of public life—in all the storm and stress—there is always a feeling of safety felt in the country when it is known that Senator

chosen by Senator Allison have been men up to their mark—his doctrine is not only to hold an office but to fill it to the fullest measure of its requirements.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES E. WATSON OF INDIANA

Mr. Watson came to Congress heralded as an orator of more than ordinary powers, and he has sustained this reputation. Like that other brilliant young man from Indiana, Senator Beveridge, Mr. Watson believes in the duty of the United States to hold the Philippine Islands. These views he gave forcible utterance on February 1, in a speech that attracted national attention.



Allison is sitting at the head of the long table in the Senate appropriations committee room.

ernor Kirkwood of Iowa knew his man when he declared: "Young Allison has the true stuff in him!"

WHAT a potential factor in public life such a man is in developing and bringing out other public men. The men

But it is not alone the long list of good men in public life which Iowa has given the nation upon whom Senator Allison has had a strong influence. Scores of others, prominent in trade, business or professions, count his friendship an inspiration and influence that has been a strong help. It is often times these incidental and perhaps unnoticed influences stimulated by such men as Senator W. B. Allison that set in motion the great achievements of the age.

I have no doubt that if all the public men now prominent who have at one time or another felt Senator Allison's encouraging hand-clasp could be enumerated, the list would be an astonishing one. Gallant old Gov-

SECRETARY SHAW, who succeeds Lyman J. Gage in the Treasury Department, has come with all his plian,

SENATOR BEN TILLMAN AS HE LOOKED COMING DOWN THE CAPITOL STEPS AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH SENATOR MC LAURIN

From a snapshot made for the Boston "Journal"

shrewd ways and captured the administration.

When I watched Secretary Shaw greet the thousands of employes at the treasury department, there was an earnestness about his hand-shaking that was refreshing. The corridors were filled—it was a holiday hour—to bid good-bye to Secretary Gage and greet the new chief, and a very pretty occasion it was, giving a glimpse of American life. Here were gray-haired elderly matrons in aprons, who have given long service, followed by bright and laughing girls; then a solemn, studious - appearing young man, and a fine looking boy with a wink and a joke and he "pushed the push" along. The sharp scented secret service men, the signal corps; the money makers from the mint, and then those one-armed veterans with the bronze buttons. All happy, cheerful and full of the spirit of the occasion. I thought, Is this the spirit of socialism where under sheltering civil service they are secure in their positions, short hours and sure pay? Is this after all to be desired? To me there is something distressing in the passiveness and inertia of those who feel that there is nothing but the eight hours a day and semi-



monthly stipend. My opinion is that the real American spirit will never thrive on a government entrenched pay roll. It requires development—frost as well as sunshine. Well, the greetings were said and the new secretary fitted right into the revolving chair without further ado—and rather glad of it, too, I suspect.

THE history of Secretary Shaw's political career to date is interesting. In

SENATOR PORTER JAMES McCUMBER OF NORTH DAKOTA

Senator McCumber is a native Illinoisan, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and a lawyer. He moved to Wahpeton, North Dakota, in 1881, served two terms in the territorial legislature, was state's attorney, and won his election to the Senate in 1890. He is a stalwart Republican.



February, 1896, William J. Bryan spoke upon the subject of free silver in the small Iowa town of Denison. The fever was in the air, and he made many converts. Among those who had helped—inadvertently, through a friend who always put his name down on subscription lists on which he placed his own name—Attorney Leslie M. Shaw helped to pay the rent of the hall in which Bryan spoke. The little town was aroused, but

there were a few who did not go with the tide—among them was Shaw. He was asked to reply to Bryan and consented to do so in two weeks. He stood firm for sound money and rallied the forces. The speech was called for in all surrounding towns and school houses. The state central committee heard of it, and later on during the campaign the speeches of the lawyer from Denison were a feature, and he soon became a leader in the sound money crusade. Never before had he been especially interested in politics; that is, in the men who ran for office—but he was now aroused over the principles at stake. The occasion called forth the man, and when a neighbor bantered: "I'll pay for the hall, Leslie,

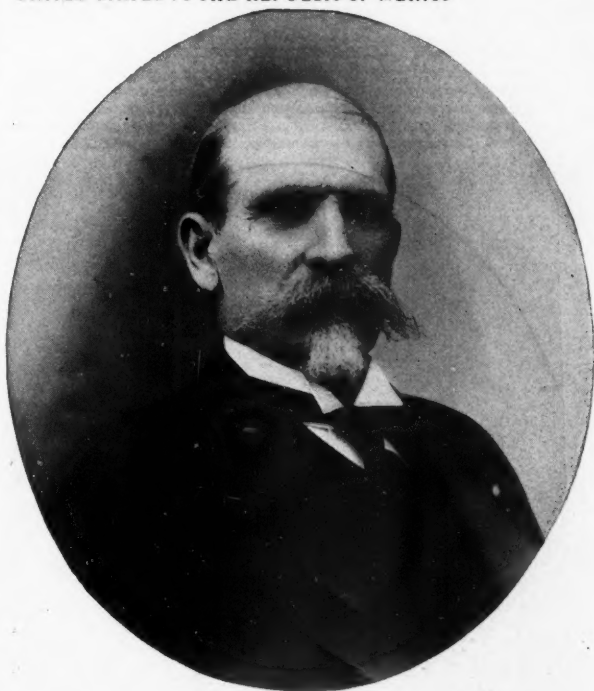
if you will speak," it was the budding of a national career. When the campaign was over he returned home to resume his law practice and a great loan business in which he has loaned to thousands of people—money to assist in times of stress and need as well as in growth and development. Over \$2,000,000 of Eastern money was loaned, and in all these years, and even during the panic of '93, there was not a single foreclosure and not a scrap of paper passed maturity. This reveals the financial capacity of the man at the helm of the treasury department—a man who knows how to make money earn money without the foreclosure process, and how to trust the common people.

Twenty days before the Republican state convention, some paper suggested Leslie M. Shaw for governor; the friends at home greeted him with, "Hello, Governor!" and once the idea had taken root, the friends went to work.

There was a cavalcade of candidates in the field, but the friends at Denison were busy. It was felt that he had won before the first ballot was taken, but the delegates were requested by Mr. Shaw to stay by their home candidates as long as there was a chance, "because," said he with characteristic frankness, "when you come on our band wagon we want you to come there prepared to stay."

The fourth ballot nominated him and thereupon opened one of the most vigorous state campaigns Iowa has ever known.

GENERAL POWELL CLAYTON, AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO



Mr. Shaw stood pat on the sound money principles, and conducted a campaign broadly on national issues—and it is usually such campaigns that bring forth the men who are afterward prominent in public life. In two terms as governor he won the hearts of the people and positively refused a third term. He refused the opportunity to take a seat in the Senate and the prospects of a vice-presidential candidacy, and had returned to his home in Denison and was fitting it up for solid comfort and a busy life when the summons came to take the treasury portfolio. A telegram to Senator Allison at Dubuque from the Presi-

dent announced that he desired to appoint Governor Shaw if he had no objections and to report as to whether he would accept. Senator Allison telegraphed Governor Shaw, whose first impulse was not to accept, but after

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S selection was no doubt the result of a close personal friendship that sprang up between the candidate for vice-president and Governor Shaw during the campaign of 1900, through South Dakota, when

the former obtained a pretty thorough insight into Governor Shaw's ideas on the currency proposition. It is thought that at first he intended to make him minister of commerce, the new cabinet portfolio, if Governor Crane of Massachusetts had accepted the offer of the treasury department.

The history of the cabinet appointments embraces some of the most interesting phases of American national life, although little is recorded in history concerning these movements which have so much to do with shaping national policies.

I spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon with Secretary and Mrs. Shaw at the Arlington. There is something in the earnestness and sincerity of the man that is winning. And Mrs. Shaw has

the real qualities of a helpmate and American wife and mother. Certainly no cabinet member has ever been given a more hearty welcome or cordial induc-

MISS ANNIE MAE YAEGER OF MONTICELLO, MO.

Miss Yaeger recently won the unique honor of being adjudged, by a committee of artists, the most beautiful woman in the Louisiana Purchase territory. The judges, who were chosen by and represented the St. Louis Globe Democrat, based their decision upon photographs of the ladies who were competitors for the honors. Miss Yaeger had the slightest possible majority over Mrs. Morris.



deliberation he found how futile a declination would be and accepted conditional upon Secretary Wilson retaining his position in the cabinet.

tion into public life than Secretary Shaw, and after knowing the man, this is not difficult to explain. Mr. Shaw's original law firm was Shaw & Connor. When Connor was elected circuit judge, the firm dissolved and then became Shaw & Kuehnle. The firm is now Shaw, Simms & Kuehnle. The members of the original firm have been drafted into public service.

CONCERNING his impressions of the manners of the American people, Prince Henry of Prussia, the guest of the American people last month, was not inclined to talk. This has always been a subject of the most poignant curiosity among Americans hitherto called upon to entertain a scion of royalty. That it is still a point upon which

MRS. FRED A. MORRIS OF MEXICO, MO.

Ajudged to be second among the beautiful women of the Louisiana Purchase territory.



the American dearly wishes to be informed is proven by a bit of amusing comment in the Boston "Herald." Thus:

"But the manners of our American people in high public position—how these impressed Prince Henry, it would be interesting to know—the manners, say, of President Eliot, Major Higginson, Secretary Long, the Honorable Richard Olney. They were not in all respects European court manners, but they were royal democratic manners. While highly respectful, they were yet

were the hosts, and democratic hosts, welcoming a foreign imperial guest. This was Rome, and, under the recognized law, 'When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do.' There was therefore a frankness, freedom and even spirit of play in their demeanor, which—though it is so long since the Boston 'Herald' was ambassador at Berlin that it perhaps forgets—may have grated on the royal ears of Prince Henry. President Eliot did not spare that delicious bit of humor: 'Such is the venerable American Union; such the young Ger-

MRS THOMAS W. LYELL OF SHELBY, MO.

Mrs. Lyell was judged by the Globe-Democrat's committee of artists to be third among the most beautiful women of the Louisiana Purchase territory.



highly self-respectful. It was never forgotten by these men that they stood on their own soil and under the aegis of their own traditions and customs. They

man empire.' Major Higginson's welcome of his royal highness to the Harvard Union as a Harvard man was in a blithe spirit of student 'camaraderie.' Secretary Long's and the Honorable Richard Olney's addresses were frank in the expression that cordial, face to face welcome to Germany did not mean turning the back on England. Therefore, if not stereotyped imitations of European court manners, there were none the less the frank, human, racy, original manners that are to rule the future of the world."

Certainly the Prince gave no sign that he was otherwise than immensely pleased—even flattered—by the extraordinary attention that was paid to him all along the line of his travels.

AFTER all, Miss Alice Roosevelt is not to visit London in June to see—quoting Wayne MacVeagh—"a gentleman who calls himself a king place upon

his head what he calls a crown." The English masters of ceremonies insisted they blundered. They failed to take into account the American theory, that

that Miss Roosevelt must assume the rank of a princess, as the daughter of the head of a state. If she should come merely as the daughter of an American commoner, they said, etiquette would forbid them to extend to her any courtesies whatever. In short, as the daughter of a ruler she would be attended with imperial state; as the daughter of a plain American citizen she would not be able, though a member of the party of Special Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, to see the coronation at all. The President had no mind to discuss the point, and his common sense forbade him, as President and head of the American people, to make any such concession to court customs as he might have felt free to make were he a private citizen. If the English could

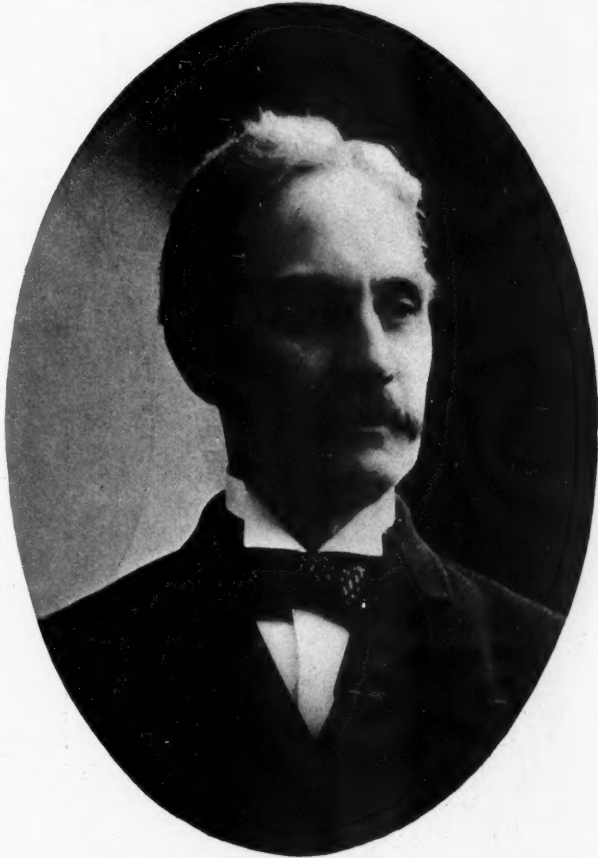
not take a hint, they must miss the presence of the daughter of the White House. It is no secret that the English were eager to have Miss Roosevelt come, in order that, by showing her extraordinary honors, they might offset the effect of Prince Henry's socially triumphant visit to the United States. But, as usual,

here, as in old Rome, to be an American citizen—or the daughter of an American citizen—"is greater than to be a king."

They may be pardoned for doubting the real existence or power of our ideals of equality in view of the socially aspiring character of many rich Americans who have gone abroad either to remain

SENATOR CLARENCE DON CLARK OF WYOMING

Senator Clark is one of the champions of the policy of national irrigation. He is a native of New York. His parents moved west at an early day and he got his higher education in the University of Iowa. He was admitted to the bar and in 1881 located in Evanston, Wyoming. He declined appointment as associate justice of the state supreme court, served two terms in congress, was elected to the senate in 1895 and re-elected in 1899.



or to gain prestige for home use. W. T. Stead says in his new book, "The Ameri-

F. W. EDWARDS



canization of the World," that England is the most caste-bound community on earth—worse than India, which may also

E. B. PERSONS



serve in degree to excuse their failure to comprehend the American idea.

CORNELL College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, which numbers the new secretary of the treasury, Leslie M. Shaw, and other prominent men among its alumni, has won eight consecutive collegiate debates in six years. This is a remarkable record for any institution and gives a well earned prominence to Cornell College and its 700 students. Senator Allison of Iowa is an honored trustee of this school, Senator Dolliver of Iowa holds a degree conferred upon him by its faculty and Congressman Cousins of

J. E. RIEKE



Iowa is another of Cornell's graduates who is prominent in affairs at Washington. President W. F. King is the oldest college president in the United States in point of service, as he was elected to the presidency of Cornell College in the days before the Civil War. The question "Resolved: That the United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people" was debated with Carleton College, Minnesota, in March of this year, F. W. Edwards, J. E. Rieke and E. B. Persons, for Cornell, winning the debate on the negative side. J. A. A. Burnquist, A. G. Crane and

E. R. Edwards for Carleton worked hard and averted the unanimous decisions which Cornell debaters have grown to expect as a result of their determined efforts in the field of debate.

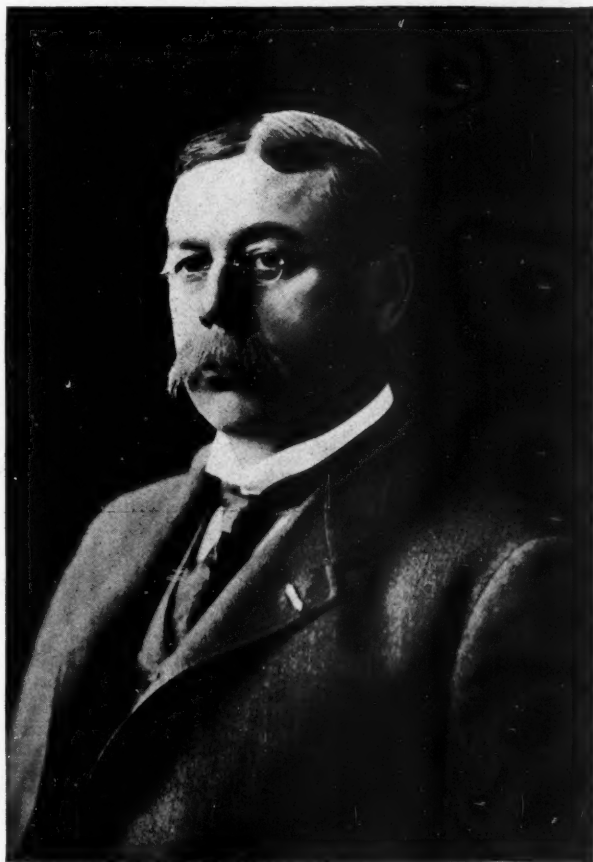
THE effort to enact a law that will give especial protection to the lives of the President and all officials in line of suc-

cession to the Presidency evoked one of the warmest debates of the month in the Senate. The essence of the bill under discussion was, that any person who should assault or instigate an assault upon the President or any of the officials in line of succession to the presidency, whether or not the assault result in murder, should be punished with death. Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin, Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts and other majority leaders urged the passage of the bill. The gist of their argument was that such an assault as that covered by the bill would be in effect treason against the government, and, like treason, should be punishable by death. Mr. Bacon of Georgia opposed this view and the bill. He urged that it would create classes under the law, something

which he held to be repugnant to the spirit of our institutions, and unconstitutional. Mr. Teller objected to the clause of the bill involving any person who might be held to "instigate" such an assault to be equally guilty with the person who should commit the assault. He thought "instigate" a dangerously elastic term to be employed

SENATOR FRANCIS WARREN OF WYOMING

Senator Warren is a business man on a large scale as well as a successful politician. He was born in Hinsdale, Mass., grew to manhood in the Old Bay state, and served in the Civil war as a member of the 49th Massachusetts regiment. When he went to Wyoming in 1868 the future state was a part of Dakota. He located in Cheyenne, entered the city council, became mayor, a legislator, and state treasurer. He was twice appointed territorial governor. He entered the senate in 1890 and has twice been re-elected. Like his colleague, Mr. Clark, he is a republican.



for so grave a duty as determining a citizen's life or death. It was evident he had in mind the thought that this clause in the bill might be used against editors who, prior to such an assault, had published criticism of the person so

THE latest report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission contained no paragraphs more hopeful or of greater public interest than those in which the commission told how accidents on American railways were being reduced in

JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, ORATOR, DIPLOMAT, POET

This picture of the secretary was taken as he sat at his desk in the State department. It is the portrait of a man who grows on the American people year by year, constantly looming larger among the men who conduct the business of the people at Washington. His eulogy of William McKinley, delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives on the 27th of February, on the occasion of memorial services commemorative of the late president, was but a new manifestation of how this man has grown in power with maturity, to a stature hardly less than that of our ablest statesmen past or present.



assaulted, or against individuals, political opponents of the person so assaulted, who might in like manner be held responsible for "instigating" the assault. Mr. Hoar suggested that the words "and maliciously," be inserted before "instigated", so that the prosecutor in such a case would be forced to prove an intent to instigate assault, but the matter was not brought to a vote the day that this discussion took place, March 7. It will doubtless be the occasion of further debate before the desired action is taken.

number and fatality, and why. The adoption of safety appliances, ordered by federal enactment, has been general, and many managers, quite as eager as the commission to do anything that would guard the lives of railway employes and patrons, have conducted independent experiments with a view to preventing accidents. In this line of development, a really remarkable device has lately been adopted by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. It is a headlight which illuminates the track for a

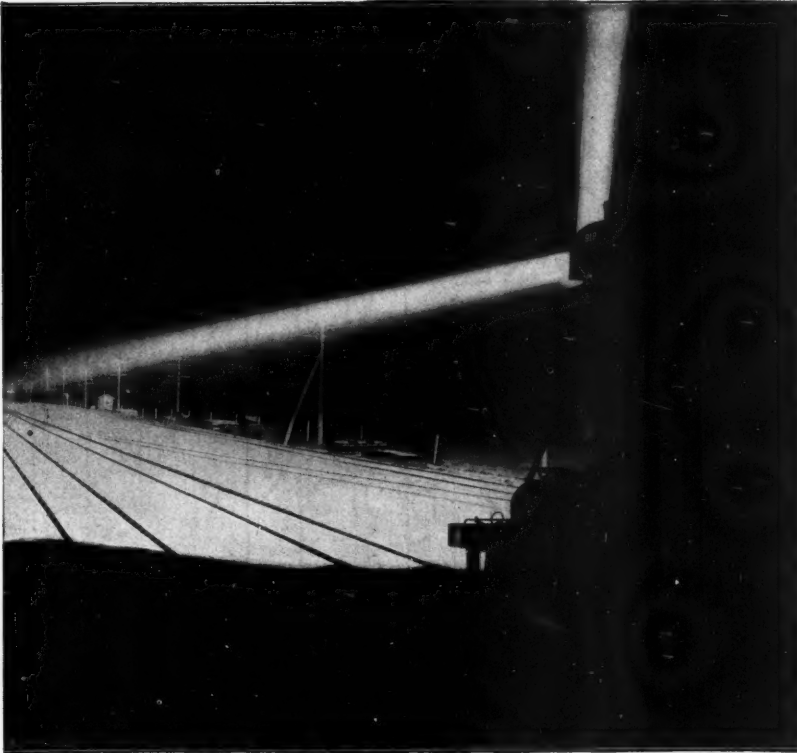
mile in advance of the train, and at the same time casts a vertical ray 700 feet in length. This vertical ray may be seen from one to ten miles across country on the darkest night. Its business is to prevent collisions at curves in the road.

fulness on the part of the engine crews, it practically eliminates all possibility of head-on collisions.

The apparatus consists of a powerful electric arc head-light, a dynamo and steam motor, all of which occupy the

THE NEW VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL ELECTRIC HEAD LIGHT LATELY TAKEN UP BY THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, WITH A VIEW TO PREVENTING COLLISIONS AT CURVES IN THE ROAD

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by F. A. Miller



The horizontal head light warns engineers approaching, only when the line is straight. If there be a curve, and intervening hills, it can give no warning of the approach of the train whose eye it is. The vertical light—and the marvel is that no one ever thought of it before—flings its sign upon the sky long before even the rumble of the train can be heard. Coupled with ordinary watch-

space on the locomotive usually devoted to the head-light. The dynamo which generates the current for the search light occupies a space less than fifteen inches wide directly behind the head light, and is operated by a motor driven by steam impact on a turbine wheel. The current is 6,000 candle power. Any invention of this kind is hailed with delight by the commissioners and traveling public.

Senator Hanna to the "National"

THE appended facsimile of a telegram from Senator Marcus A. Hanna explains the absence of his third article on "William McKinley as I Knew Him," which he intended to write for the April "National." One of the busiest men in America, he has twice put aside personal, party and national labors to prepare, for the "National's" readers, tributes to his late friend and chieftain, William McKinley. The "National's" readers appreciate the high favor he has shown them, and understand, without question, how he finds it impossible, at this time, to go forward with the series. He hopes, and they hope, that later in the year he may find time to write again.

FACSIMILE OF SENATOR HANNA'S TELEGRAM TO THE "NATIONAL"
Form No. 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

21,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. INCORPORATED CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.

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THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

TO: *Mr. Hanna* SENT BY: *1487* CHECK

RECEIVED 488 Broadway, (Street Railway) South Boston, Mass. Mar 14 1902

Dated Washington D.C. 13

To Joe M. Chapelle

Carl National Magazine

201308

Telegram Recd am very sorry

that I have not had time to

prepare the article

M A Hanna 9:24 PM

William McKinley's Wedding

A Chapter of Reminiscences Set Down by a Friend and Neighbor Who Was Present When the Future President Made Ida Saxton of Canton His Wife.

By EDWIN A. LEE

ADJUTANT HENRY C. ELLISON, with whom I had served in the 115th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, having been elected auditor for the county of Stark, I came with him to Canton as deputy early in March, 1867.

Major McKinley arrived shortly thereafter, and commenced the practice of law.

As the court house is the Mecca for all lawyers, we were soon acquainted. I was for several years chairman of the Republican County Committee, and the Major having entered the arena of politics, our relations were quite close.

When in the summer of 1869 he decided to be a candidate for prosecuting attorney (and to this office he was elected) there were many who raised objections on account of his short residence in the county; this was especially the case with the old line politicians.

They thought his friends over estimated his ability, and no one, whether friend or foe, dreamed that he would be elected many times to Congress, twice governor of Ohio, and finally twice be elected President of the United States. But who can "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not."

Of his renomination for prosecuting attorney, the "Canton Repository and Republican" under date of August 4, 1871, said:

"Major McKinley was renominated for the office of prosecuting attorney without opposition. There are those who can and do complain grievously, of some of Major McKinley's official acts,

for 'No rogue e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law,' and the Major has been remarkably fortunate and successful in getting up a sinister reputation in the circle of law breakers. It is unnecessary for us to be specific in this matter. The public knows that he is an able lawyer, and a fearless officer, that he has done his full duty in the past, and will do it in the future. The Republicans have said that he is worthy to stand guardian to the best interests of the state and county, and they will support this decision with their votes."

On October 6, 1871, (the eve of election) the same paper printed the following:

"Major McKinley is a good lawyer, and a fine orator. He has made his mark at the county bar, and has made one of the best prosecuting attorneys the county has ever had. He has dared to do his whole duty. Shall he be sustained, or shall he who, for having carried out the law and made it a terror to evil doers, be sacrificed? The great Republican party will fail in its duty, if Major McKinley loses its vote. Besides, Major McKinley fought through the war, side by side with Governor R. R. Hayes, winning distinction and the gratitude of his country on many a bloody battle field. While Mr. McKinley was thus engaged, Billy Lynch was making Vallandigham speeches in the villages of Stark County, using all his puny efforts to under value what McKinley achieved at the front."

Stark County was then strongly Democratic, and for the twelve offices to be

filled, nine Democrats and three Republicans were chosen. (The writer escaped defeat and was elected county auditor.)

For Prosecuting Attorney the vote stood:

William A. Lynch.....	5228
William McKinley.....	5083
Lynch's Majority.....	143

Mr. Lynch was later of the law firm of Lynch & Day, William R. Day being the junior member.

Although he failed of reelection, the Major insisted on paying his share of the campaign expenses.

I unable to give the date, I think, however, that it was during 1870, I recall being invited to a social at the house of Mr. Joseph Saxton. Ida and "Piney" had arrived at their uncle's house. Mr. McKinley was also to be there, but he had been detained. Ida was greatly worried and passing from one guest to another, questioned each, "Have you seen the Major?" "Do you imagine the Major is sick?" "Has the Major been called from the city, do you think?" She could not be quiet for a moment, until he arrived about half an hour later than was expected and then "all went merry as a marriage bell." They were greatly devoted each to the other, and this devotion continued through many years of joys and sorrows, triumphs and defeats, to the end.

No one was greatly surprised when, early in January, 1871, invitations were issued to their wedding to take place on January 25, 1871, at the First Presbyterian Church. I fortunately preserved the one which reached me, and an engraved facsimile of it is presented herewith.

The "Repository and Republican" of January 26, 1871, contained the following account of the ceremony:

Marriage of William McKinley and Miss Ida Saxton

"The audience room of the new stone Presbyterian Church being nearly fin-

ished, the lady members resolved a few weeks since, to have it ready in time for the wedding of Major McKinley and Miss Ida Saxton, on the 25th. Promptly at the hour, yea, long before the 7:30 p. m. named upon the invitations, the house was filled with the expectant multitude.

"As to the appearance of the new church, we might say a great deal, but we reserve our description until the formal dedication.

"The scene at the church was novel, and there were 1,000 people, all the building would hold, and many had to stand, all on the tip-toe of expectation to see. It made no difference that they had taken their place an hour too soon. Professor Fiske came in, and entertained the first audience that ever filled the church, by music upon the organ. Some minutes after he commenced to play there was a sensation. Everybody's face was turned toward the door, many stiff-necked old and young sinners nearly broke their necks; at last they came: first, up the left aisle, Mr. James A. Saxton leading the bride, his daughter. They were followed by Miss Mary P. Saxton, a bridesmaid, escorted by Mr. Abner McKinley, sister and brother of the bride and bridegroom.

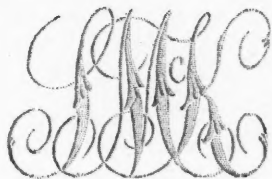
"Upon the right aisle Major McKinley approached the pulpit leading Mrs. James A. Saxton. Mr. Osborne of Youngstown followed, leading Miss Amelia Bockius, also one of the bridesmaids. Messrs. R. D. Kuhn, M. G. Huntington, J. M. Faber, and M. Barber acted as ushers.

"As to the dresses worn by the ladies, we shall be compelled, owing to our meagre training in Jenkins technicalities, to be entirely silent, except to say that they were faultless in taste and exceedingly rich and beautiful.

"Arrived at the arena in front of the pulpit, the parties disposed of themselves gracefully, and with perfect facility, the

bride and bridegroom the centre of a half circle, the former supported by the "At the conclusion of the ceremony the crowd waited respectfully until the

FACSIMILE OF THE CARDS ISSUED FOR THE WEDDING OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY AND IDA SAXTON



Mr. & Mrs. James A. Saxton,

*will be pleased to have you present
at the Marriage of their daughter
Ida*

William McKinley, Jr.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th, at 7 1/2 o'clock

First Presbyterian Church

Canton, Ohio.

maids, and the latter by his friends, the young gentlemen named.

"The Rev. E. Buckingham and Rev. Dr. Endsley married the couple, using the plain and yet impressive ceremony usually employed by members of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches.

newly made husband and wife and companions had passed out.

"Then tongues were loosed, and the dumb spake, and gossip became supreme, and all agreed that nothing could have been more gracefully performed than the first act in the life drama upon which

the gallant Major and his young and beautiful wife have just entered.

"After the marriage ceremony the personal friends of the families partook of refreshments which had been laid at the residence of Mr. James A. Saxton.

"Mr. and Mrs. McKinley took the 10 p. m. train for the East, and will make a bridal tour of the eastern cities, not being expected to return for three or four weeks."

In 1873 I was again elected county auditor. At the end of my term I engaged in other pursuits and was thereafter only occasionally at Canton.

I traveled West for a number of years, but whether in Portland, Oregon, or El Paso, Texas, the name of McKinley reached me, for it had become a household word. He took up the cause of protective tariff early in his political career, and had "fought it out on that line" with a continuity of purpose rarely seen. He felt that he was right in his ideas, and having convinced more than half the voters of the country that he was so, he was twice elected President on that issue, and on the sound money one; these twin principles going hand in hand to accomplish this.

President McKinley always heard patiently any who might call on him, but

to his old acquaintances his hand shake was heartier and his smile more kindly than to the new.

The last time I spoke with him was at the White House, in June, 1900, when the Canton delegation, accompanied by the Grand Army band of Canton, on their way home from the nominating convention of Philadelphia, stopped in Washington to congratulate him on his renomination. I went with them and I shall always be glad that I did so. As the President saw me approaching in the line he said: "Ed, I am glad to see you," and taking my hand, which he held a considerable time, he passed it to that of Mrs. McKinley, who was seated, and said: "Ida, you must remember Mr. Lee." The heartiness with which this was done, and the smiles from each, seemed to carry me back to the old times at Canton.

This article is now longer than I had expected to make it, and so I will close, and feel that I cannot do so in a more fitting manner than by saying of McKinley as Antony did of Brutus:

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Night in the Philippines

NO breath disturbs the forest hush; the moon lies ghostly white
 Above the tent where moaning lies through half the tropic night
 A boy with eyes like azure seas, hair like the glossy sloe,
 And cheeks where torrid suns have kissed the virgin white below.
 That fair young form has worn the blue, as vet'ran soldier might,
 For glory bought at fearful cost he pays the debt to-night.
 Comrades bend o'er him wan with grief, their scarred cheeks wet with tears,
 He sees them not but vainly seeks a face of other years.
 The pale moon glides athwart the door, his young eyes light with joy,
 "Oh mother! have you come at last? I *knew* you'd find your boy."
 The sad moon greets his dying lips and lies upon his breast,
 While happy 'neath that mute caress the soldier sinks to rest.

McPHERSONVILLE, S. C.

May Elliott Hutson



A VOLUNTEER OF 1814.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. FOSMIRE

I.

Marie Chouteau

AS nearly as I could estimate as I stood leaning moodily against the side of the doorway, it was the twenty-fifth of July. The year, of course, 1814. The place St. Louis, capital of the new Territory of Missouri in the United States in America.

Four years to a day since with a gay song and much show our three batteaux swept across the channel and down to the levee of the town. Three years since Marie Chouteau had silenced my passionate declaration by laying her dark wrist alongside mine and saying, gravely:

"How think you my blood and yours would mingle, Monsieur Englishman?"

How, indeed! As well, she would indicate, as did I and the townsfolk, her neighbors and kinsmen, mingle. Almost I cursed my Saxon lineage of skin which no sun or wind had changed, and wished I were Frenchman or Spaniard, or even Ioway or Sauk. These, at least, were no aliens in St. Louis; and I was.

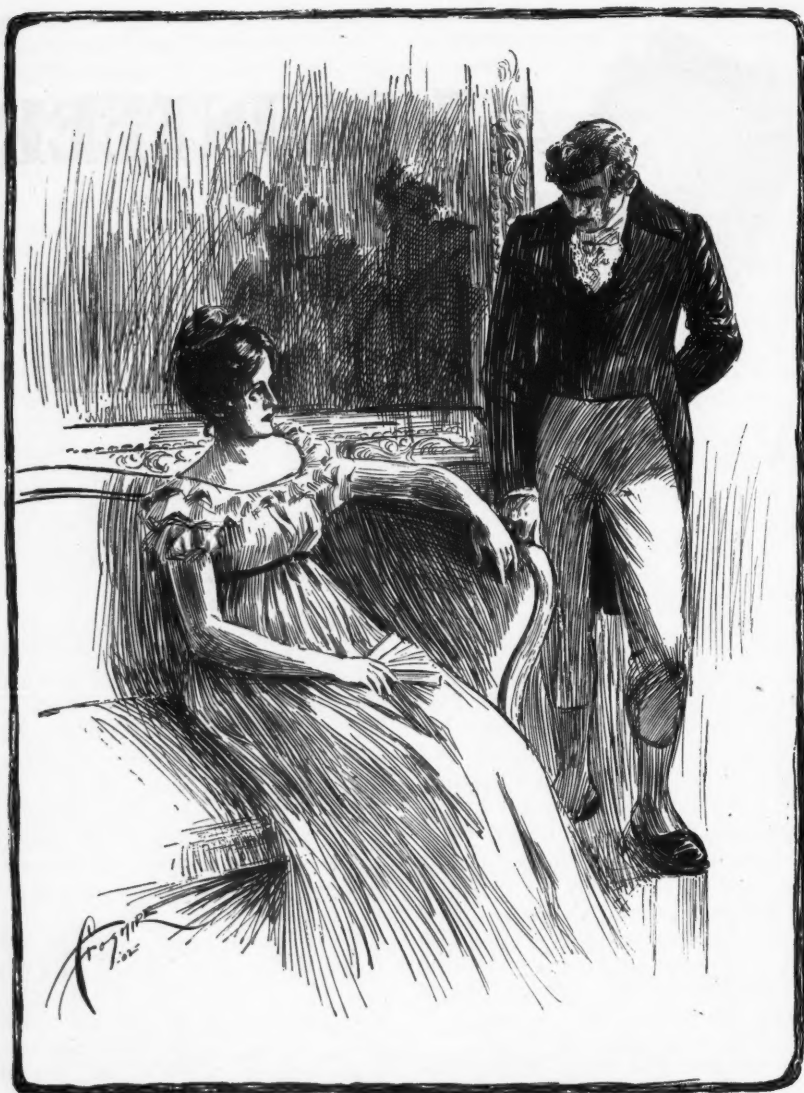
I had been glad enough to leap from the batteau to the bank, and realize we at last had reached the celebrated metropolis of that famed District of Louisiana. The voyage from Michilimackinac had been tedious, uneventful, notwithstanding that at Prairie du Chien (at the mouth of the Ouisconsin, and although

accounted an American post truly more of England than of the United States) Colonel Dickson, friend of my lamented father and head of the trading business there, had pressed me to give up the journey, warning me that the Indians from the straits to the Illinois were in a state of unrest—a powder magazine likely to be touched off at any instant, I inferred, by a British match.

This was not news. In Montreal it had been no secret that the Indians were being supplied with guns and ammunition and dispatched by England to murder men, women and children, and make the American frontiers a place of hell. Son of an English officer in the service of His Majesty, I was ashamed; and I think my father, staunch subject that he was, was ashamed, too, but even dying he had expressed no word to me on the matter.

We, in French-Canadian batteaux, had naught to fear, so we pushed on down the river. The whole country along the Mississippi seemed strangely sullen and quiet. All the way from the Ouisconsin to the Lemoine rapids we encountered none but Indians; these were most pleasant and *saue*, yet on more than one occasion we descried naked, sinewy, painted bodies in stealthy file on a river trail, bent the devil only knew where.

Just above the Lemoine rapids we passed a fort the Americans had erected



"How think you my blood and yours would mingle, Monsieur Englishman?"

on the west bank and styled Fort Belle Vue, or Fort Madison. I judged it too exposed for a garrison — an opinion not long afterward demonstrated as correct.

When I had left Montreal signs were

not lacking that England was counting on regaining her lost colonies, and teaching to presumptuous rebels a lesson. And when I arrived at St. Louis I found rumors of war increasing every hour.

The savages, incited by British encouragement, were waxing bolder. American traders were being hampered by British traders on American ground. Tales of British tyranny on the high seas were stirring the uttermost settlements. The affair of the "Chesapeake" rankled deep. Apprehension was in the air, and hatred of everything British was at fever heat. Small wonder that I, with my light hair, blue eyes and complexion inclined to pinkness, was cordially disliked, as much by the elders for my name and lineage as by the young bloods for my aspirations towards la belle Marie.

Nevertheless, despite the fact that I had intended remaining at St. Louis only a month, I had seen Marie Chouteau—and here I still was!

In all St. Louis the Chouteaus were my only friends. Of the Chouteaus Marie was the kindest—and, it seemed to me, the cruelest. But why should she marry me? I could not blame her for refusing. She was French. Her uncle and guardian, Colonel Auguste Chouteau, was the most prominent man in that portion of the Territory. The Chouteau fur trade was kingly in its operations, and the name "Chouteau" was known beyond the headwaters of the Missouri. Besides—

"How think you my blood and yours would mingle, Monsieur Englishman?"

This answers the question.

Nevertheless I lingered on, a clerkship in the Chouteau store being my pretence, and affording slight income.

The ways of the French I never could understand. To-morrow to them was as distant as a hundred years, and they danced with the military, sang, laughed, and were happy night and day. Had I been as volatile I might not have been regarded with such general disfavor. But events were crowding which should sober any person.

In September, 1811, the big comet, forerunner of the battle of Tippecanoe

that roused the vengeful savages of the whole Northwest. Next the terrible earthquake, shaking St. Louis, destroying vast areas of land and changing the course of the river channel. Following, the calamity of the theatre fire at Richmond.

Wild prophets sprang up, who said these were tokens of an Indian outbreak that would turn western streams into freshets of blood. On the frontiers all was fear. Women kept to the cabins.

No one strayed far from shelter. The rifle was loaded anew every evening, and the priming pricked frequently. Soldiers were on the move hither and thither, endeavoring to awe the tribes. At last the long threatened war with Great Britain blazed up in earnest.

The war did not add to my popularity. Although I was not donning the uniform my father had worn, neither was I to forget that he had loved it. I could not enlist. In every British soldier I might be called upon to kill I feared I would see Major James Petherbridge.

Colonel Chouteau alone comprehended my feelings, for he clapped me on the back, in the store, when some one maliciously asked me to enlist, and said:

"Let the lad alone. His heart is all right, but he has the quick honor that forbids him fighting his father's people."

To-day, as I stood in the doorway, the town appeared unusually deserted. This was due to general stagnation of business caused by Indian troubles, and in part to the fact that two expeditions had lately set forth up the Mississippi. The first, under command of Governor Clark himself, had left in May for Prairie du Chien, there to build a fort. The governor had already returned with word that the point had been captured with no loss, and that Lieutenant Joseph Perkins was erecting a fort which would defy the enemy. The second was dispatched by General Howard in July to reinforce Lieutenant Perkins. It consisted of

three keel boats or barges, one holding forty-two regulars under Lieutenant Campbell, the others some sixty Rangers under Captain Stephen Rector and Lieutenant Riggs. Lesser crafts with contractor's and sutler's outfits, a woman and a child, accompanied the expedition.

The street was silent and empty, save as hungry dogs had a brisk encounter for a bit of offal, and with shrill cries a withered French dame assailed them from her doorstep. Before me was the river. Far to the north a boat was approaching, down the channel. I wondered who could have the hardihood to descend the Upper Mississippi in such times.

The boat came nearer and nearer. I saw the flashing of oars—then other gleams that indicated firearms. Soldiers!

Queer it is how bad news spreads, but I scented disaster and started for the levee; and ere I had taken a dozen steps, from doors and around corners suddenly popped figure after figure, all bound as was I for the landing-place, and all with a hurrying, anxious, bewildered mien that betokened unwelcome surprise.

II.

The Fight at Campbell's Island

Before the boat reached shore it was plain she bore wounded and dead, and when she grounded, with her nose on the bank, out from her stepped as sorry a lot of men as I ever beheld.

Powder-stained and grimy, gaunt with weariness and hunger, weak, dispirited and defeated, they staggered to the mud. It was hard to distinguish the unhurt from the wounded. The clothing, hands and features of all were marked with blood, now dried, of friend and foe. The barge was riddled by bullets, and one side was scorched black.

"'Tis part of the Campbell expedition!" somebody had cried while yet

the craft was in the channel. And so it was.

The first man who touched the levee was surrounded in a twinkling by a crowd eager for news. He was a little Frenchman, of Cahokia, enlisted with the expedition as one in the crew navigating the boat of Captain Rector. The officer had been wise in securing for this purpose Cahokia river men.

With others I pressed forward to hear what the fellow had to say. And he was by no means loth to recite to such an audience. Here and there on the shore were similar groups clustered about soldier and voyageur, and intent on the tidings. With gestures and exclamations peculiar to his people our Frenchman delivered himself of his story:

"The Riggs boat? I do not know. We had enough to do to take care of our own men and Lieutenant Campbell's. *Mon Dieu*, and this is how we did it! With all the barges we got as far as the large island above the river Rock, and we stopped for the night. No one wishes to ascend the long second rapids in the night time. The Sauks and Renards came around as friendly as you please, and we had the word of their war chief, Black Hawk himself, that we were welcome. But mark you, what a welcome! The boat, see! Lieutenant Campbell, Monsieur Stewart, and others, wounded. The dead, and the boat of Lieutenant Riggs, behind, with the rest of the detachment in the midst of the savages. That's a true Indian welcome, is it not? But it might have been avoided, for all the time the Indians were talking they sought out us Frenchmen, and pressed our hands, and in many ways showed that they wanted us to get out of the road. Now I have not traded with the Indians, nor left an Indian wife in Saukenuk, for nothing. So I told Lieutenant Campbell the savages were up to mischief, and that he had better turn back. But p'st, he would

not believe. He thought we Frenchmen were afraid. Had we really been afraid we could have left the expedition then and there, as the Indians desired. We set out the next morning early, Captain Rector's boat, in which we Cahokia people were, and Lieutenant Riggs' boat in advance, and the regulars with Lieutenant Campbell some distance behind. A wind such as you can't imagine sprang up, and what with this gale driving us toward the right hand shore, and the current of the rapids twisting us, we were in bad plight.

"Then, *nom de Dieu!* I looked down the river, and there was a battle in progress! Not a sound of a rifle could I hear, on account of the wind, but the smoke was thick among the trees. The wind couldn't carry it off fast enough.

"We turned 'round in a second, you may believe, and with oars helping the wind we made straight for the spot, as brave men should. We were going to assist the regulars, you understand. As ill luck would have it, the Riggs boat stranded in the rapids. It did not have Cahokia boatmen. Our barge never stopped until we threw anchor near the regulars.

"*Pecaire!* But they were hard pressed! Their barge was stuck on a lee shore, on a little island not far from the main land and from the trees within fifty yards the Indians were peppering like devils. Just as we got there the sail blazed up, and the wood had caught. Burning arrows, you see. That was bad in such a wind. We opened fire but we might as well have tried to drive back a thousand fiends, with popguns. There was only one thing to do, and we did it. Had we hesitated every regular would have been scalped, for their reply to the Indians was growing weak. We up anchor—cut the rope, that is—threw overboard provisions and supplies and everything we could spare, to lighten the boat, and let the wind drift us. A lot of

us jumped into the water on the side opposite from the Indians—I jumped with the other Cahokians—and stooping low we shoved the barge broadside against the regular's craft. Crack, crack, crack, went the rifles faster than ever, when the Indians saw what we were doing. But our men answered from the boat, and in the midst of all the shooting and yelling, groaning and cursing—*sapristi!*—we took every living soldier from the Campbell barge into ours, and we hauled out again.

"You can see by the bullet holes in that barge what a time we had, and the burned planks show how, when the wind eddied, the flames licked our faces. But we did what we intended, and we left behind us the Indians swarming over the beach and scalping the dead—*mon Dieu*, I hope there were no living—in the bottom of the blazing craft we had given them as a present.

"Meanwhile the sutler's outfit had gotten away down the river, after receiving a few balls. That is all I have to say. Others may tell a prettier tale, but what you have heard from me is only the plain truth, I swear it."

"What of the Briggs barge?" I asked.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and pointed indefinitely up the river.

"*Voilà!* Who knows! The last we saw of it it was still stranded, a snug enough nest. But now?"

And with another shrug he swaggered away.

"Monsieur Englishman," spoke a clear voice in my ear, "can any one be braver than a Frenchman?"

I turned and saw at my side Marie Chouteau. No one else so persistently addressed me as "Monsieur Englishman," although it was an appellation to which I was generally submitted.

"*Mademoiselle,*" I answered, with a bow, "you would make me wish that I, too, were a Frenchman of Cahokia.

But," I added, "not all the men in Captain Rector's boat were French, nor is Rector a French name."

But already she was some yards distant from me, gazing pityingly at the sick and wounded.

Nine killed—among them the woman and child—and sixteen wounded, with Lieutenant Campbell scarcely able to move, was the result of this ill-fated expedition. A heart rending procession it was that toiled up the levee and into the town.

However, the next day while I was at dinner I heard a great cheering and ascertained that the barge of Lieutenant Riggs was at the landing, and every man safe.

On top of the disaster to the Campbell company, lo, in the first week of August appeared Lieutenant Perkins and command, with rueful countenances reporting that hardly had they finished their fort at Prairie du Chien ere, July 17, 15,000 British and Indians marched upon it and after three days' fighting forced it to capitulate. The garrison was paroled and sent home to St. Louis. The fort, named Shelby, was now in possession of the British under Colonel Mackey, who thanked Lieutenant Perkins for such fine, new quarters.

Fort Madison, above the Lemoine rapids, also had fallen. On both banks of the Mississippi from Canada nearly to St. Louis the savages held sway with not even a block house to rebuke them. It was evident that they must be held in check, and even before the arrival of the discomfited soldiers under Lieutenant Perkins another expedition up the river had been outlined. It was to be commanded by Major Zachary Taylor, who had won much renown by his stubborn defence of Fort Harrison on the Wabash. Sauk and Fox, Winnebago and Sioux, Kickapoo and Pottowattomie, must not be permitted to ravage with impunity.

As soon as I heard that this expedition was to go against the Indians and not against the British I hastened to volunteer. To my intense disappointment and chagrin I was informed that, so eager were the people for revenge, the ranks were filled to overflowing. Only too well I knew that my failure would expose me to the taunts of willful tardiness, and I was fain to cry in desperation.

III.

How a Rifle Went Forth

"Why so heavy-faced, *mon enfant*?" asked Colonel Chouteau the same afternoon observing me as I sat at my rude desk, staring into vacancy.

Monsieur Chouteau, as I have intimated, always had seemed most friendly, and with an unusual burst of confidence—so needy was I of counsel and kindness—I told him what was in my mind.

"*Diable!*" he exclaimed, putting his hand on my shoulder. "And so thou wouldst uphold thy reputation against the Indians if not against thy former people. Here, come with me and we will see what is and what is not."

Straight down to military headquarters we walked, and without ceremony into a room where were seated two officers in United States uniform.

The elder I perceived at once was Major Taylor. Many a time within the last few days he had been pointed out to me as he strode rapidly along the streets.

I feared we interrupted important conversation, and that our courtesy at the best was scant, but Mr. Taylor, pausing in the midst of his words, smiled slightly as he recognized my companion, and politely waited for us to announce our errand.

"I have the honor," said Colonel Chouteau, speaking in English, "of presenting to your attention Mr. Arthur Petherbridge, who is desirous of taking service under you in this expedition to

the Indian country above the Rock river."

"Let him enlist, then," said the major, sharp and quick.

"They tell him the ranks are full," replied Colonel Chouteau, suavely.

"Tut!" exclaimed the officer. "We always have room for a young man of his stature and parts. Can he shoot? Do you vouch for him, Monsieur Chouteau?"

"He is of English birth, but he will fight like an American—or a Frenchman. He has been in our employ," replied my attestor.

"Very well," remarked Major Taylor, in his conclusive, authoritative manner. "Captain Rector, you will please enroll Mr. Petherbridge in your company. And you, sir," to me, "will report to Captain Rector to-night with firelock and all accoutrements, to proceed to Cape au Gris. Colonel Chouteau, my compliments to you for your recruit."

To which Colonel Chouteau made some kind of proper reply, and we left the two officers renewing their conversation.

"It is done," said my companion, gripping my arm in his hearty fashion.

"Monsieur Chouteau," I answered, "I am a thousand times obliged to you. But, but—"

"Dame! So there is a 'but,' is there?"

"But I have no gun."

I felt that I was confessing to heresy. For a frontiersman to possess no firearm was as unusual as for a French girl to have neither prayer book nor crucifix.

When I would have enlisted I had forgotten that volunteers were expected to furnish their own weapons. True, I owned a rifle, but two weeks before I had lent it to a Ranger, to use while his was being repaired. As he was a skillful marksman I was sure I was doing as much as if I myself bore it. And now he was absent on duty. I was in an awkward dilemma. It was scarcely possible that I could obtain another piece.

During the war rifles had risen astonishingly in value, and to-day a fairly decent one was worth seventy-five dollars. People were learning to esteem them.

Again Colonel Chouteau came to my rescue.

"P'st! Let that not trouble thee, *mon enfant*," he said, lapsing into French. "Thou shalt not lack for a rifle—the best on the river. Horn full of the best in store, and bullets, too, go with it. All will be waiting for thee an hour before sundown to-day, at my house. *Mon Dieu*, you overwhelm me!" and he shut off my clumsy thanks.

With light heart I spent the succeeding hours of the day. I fancy Colonel Chouteau told of my enlistment, for persons who heretofore had been most indifferent now greeted me with a certain cordiality. I early closed my books at the store, and had nothing to do but wait. A spirit of restlessness pervaded me. Before I could check myself I was at the Chouteau mansion (the old Laclede dwelling, and the finest house in the whole territory of Missouri) with a strong desire to retreat. Too late. I resolutely knocked—wished I had not—hesitated—knocked once more—and, no one coming, walked in.

Through the wide hallway I went, guided by the words of a merry chanson much in vogue among the voyageurs, and popular with the French, high and low:

*"Tous les printemps,
Tant de nouvelles,
Tous les amants
Changent de maitresses.
Jamais le bon vin ne m'endort;
Quand l'amour me reveille."*

Sitting on the floor of the kitchen, scrubbing away at parts of a rifle lying around her, was Marie Chouteau, singing like a bird. In a flash she stood upright, a blush covering her face.

"Mademoiselle Marie," I said, some-

what confused, yet making my best bow.

"Monsieur Petherbridge, as I see," she responded, sarcastically. "And is it English manners to steal through a strange house and in upon a girl at her work?"

The blush had died to a little red spot glowing through the rich, wonderful duskiness of either cheek. Her black eyes looked unwinkingly at me, with an

Petherbridge," she replied, "because if this expedition fares no better than the others of late we may be called upon to defend St. Louis itself against the savages. Then, instead of dancing and such pretty nonsense, will come for the women cleaning of rifles and moulding of bullets. So I am beginning now—but why explain? And I know very well," she continued, her mien softening a little,



Seated on the floor scrubbing away at parts of a rifle

angry challenge. Defiance and rebuke were in her attitude as she poised there, her hands behind her, one foot thrust forward, and her chest heaving.

"I meant no rudeness," I faltered. "I did not expect to find Mademoiselle here—employed thus," and I indicated by a gesture the place and the disunited rifle.

"I merely wished to say adieu. Mademoiselle may not know that I leave with the expedition, and go to Cape au Gris to-night."

"I am here and doing this, Monsieur

"that monsieur has enlisted. He has my congratulations. Only, Monsieur Englishman," now she was more like her old self, "your call is somewhat untimely."

"I offer my humble apologies, and withdraw," I said, and turned to go.

"Monsieur," she called.

I faced her.

"Pardon me. I was angry, and I fear, discourteous. But, Monsieur Englishman, we French girls are not accustomed to being caught sitting on the floor. If

—if perchance monsieur comes this way again before he goes I will try to give him a reception more to be looked for from a Chouteau, to a friend."

Happier than I really had warrant to be I descended to the street. I was a "friend," but I was going to see her once more. St. Louis never had looked so fair.

Promptly at an hour before sunset I was again at the Chouteau residence. Contrary to custom no one was lounging on the wide portico. Unhailed I rapped at the door. A negro servant appeared. I told him to announce my coming. Then I waited on the portico, for the day was warm, and the breeze sifting between the columns was refreshing. Presently Mademoiselle Marie tripped out from the doorway, and greeted me.

"This is better than the kitchen, is it not, Monsieur?" she asked, archly.

It was indeed, for the view over river and country was superb. But my eyes paid little heed to the surroundings. The slender, girlish figure before me was all my vision would encompass.

"Mademoiselle may safely sit where she pleases, hereafter, without fear of interruption from me," I said, endeavoring to speak lightly. "I am glad to be permitted to present a second time my apologies for this afternoon's intrusion. And now I crave pardon if I say adieu at once. I must report to Captain Hector. We repair to the rendezvous at Cape au Gris, and may start at any moment." She stepped inside the hall, and in a second reappeared trailing after her a rifle, and bearing in her left hand powder horn and bullets.

I had not forgotten the promise of Colonel Chouteau but I had hesitated applying to this girl.

"Monsieur Petherbridge surely does not intend to go off without these," she said, her white teeth showing between her vivid red lips as she smiled. "My uncle regrets that he is unable to be here in

person, but he bade me deliver these to you, with his compliments."

With eagerness I took from her the piece and examined it. Firearms I always have loved and this weapon was a beauty. I noticed the metal of it was spotless and the lock and all the mechanism had been carefully cleaned and oiled.

"It is in perfect condition," I remarked.

"I heard my uncle say so," she replied carelessly.

I saw at a glance that it was the same rifle which I had desecrated this very afternoon on the kitchen floor being wiped and scoured by Mademoiselle Marie's own dainty hands. By a rare rush of good sense I did not remind her of the fact.

"And excellently balanced," I added as I raised it to my shoulder.

"I am afraid there has been an Englishman in front of it more often than behind it," she observed, sedately. "But I do not see why the shoulder makes any difference so long as the eye and the heart are right—and monsieur, I have heard, is a good shot."

I bowed my acknowledgment and then stood not knowing what to say as farewell, and fingering the gun as an excuse for my silence.

"I am a thousand times—"

"*De grace!* Enough of that," she exclaimed, petulantly. "Here, monsieur, and she seized the rifle, and quickly pressed her cheek and lips to the stock, and handed back the piece.

"Now I have said it adieu, and told it to behave. Monsieur Englishman, my best wishes. *Bon voyage*—and safe return."

Ere I could open my mouth she was in the house—and gone. I was alone. Booby!

Not even a touch of her hand at parting. Yet—yet I do not know when in three years and more I had been so

exalted. Never knight with sword belted on him by lady fair went forth to battle so inspired as I—just because, forsooth, a French lass had kissed the gun I bore! I suppose I ought to have been piqued by her preference.

IV.

How a Rifle Came Back

The expedition, outfitted with much care, set forth from Cape au Gris. It carried 334 effective men, of whom only forty were regulars. The intention was to ascend to the head of the rapids above the Rock river, and returning sweep both sides of the Mississippi clear of villages and corn. Then to build a fort on the large island, and garrison it.

I thought myself fortunate in being under Captain Rector. This was Captain Nelson Rector, not the Rector who performed the gallant feat of rescuing Lieutenant Campbell, but I was aware that all of the name had the same dauntless blood. Captain Samuel Whiteside, Captain Vale, Captain Hempstead, and others officered the remaining boats.

With slight incident we reached the mouth of the Rock, where is located the largest Indian town in the country—Saukenuk, or Black Hawk's Town, of the Sauks and Foxes. Although we saw many savages running from place to place, and crossing the river behind us, they did not accost us. Their attitude was ominous, and we expected to be fired upon at any moment.

Strange to relate, about at the upper end of the large island before mentioned (the one above the mouth of the Rock and on which we were to erect a fort), we, like the Campbell forces, were assailed by a fearful hurricane, against which we could make little headway.

We under Captain Rector were in the lead, with Captains Whiteside and Hempstead close following.

Between the current and the wind we were having a hard battle, indeed, and

in the midst of it from a small island in the channel we were boarded by a half-breed—refuse of some trader's camp—who assured us that the region was alive with British and Indians, and that we could not hope to prevail in the face of such odds.

Already we had caught sight of red coats on the shore, and of savages gliding from tree to tree, preparing to take us at disadvantage. Captain Rector ordered our boatmen to turn us around, and conduct us to Major Taylor, for the purpose, I judged, of communicating the intelligence just received.

Going thus with the wind and current, we very shortly met Major Taylor near the head of the large island, and (whether because of the hard gale or of the rapidly gathering hordes of British and Indians, I do not know) he instructed the expedition to lay to for the night. This we did by finding shallow water in the lee of an island containing about seven acres, covered with willows and some sixty yards from the upper end of the large island.

A few soldiers were disposed to be foolishly superstitious when the rumor spread that this was "Campbell's" island. The rumor was baseless, inasmuch as Lieutenant Campbell was defeated two miles farther up stream. Yet in a way we all scented evil.

Sentinels were posted in the bow of each boat. The night was passed in little sleep and much apprehension. We knew not what to expect, and the darkness seemed pregnant with peril by knife and bullet. We had confidence in our commander, but we were conscious that savages were lurking on every side.

I had just fallen into an uneasy doze, when the quick crack of a rifle caused me to jump to my feet in confusion. The echo of a scream of agony rang in my ears. My companions were jostling and peering and asking frantic questions. The sky in the east was gray, but the mist

from the river stretched about us like a veil. I shivered with cold and dampness.

Then a wild yell of triumph sent the blood leaping. I recognized only too well the scalp yell of the Indian. Shawanoese, Sauk or Sioux, the language is the same.

Word was passed about that a corporal of Captain Whiteside's detachment had been shot, killed and scalped when he stepped but a few paces from his barge. Thus the day began.

The death of the corporal depressed us. We saw our fate in every willow tree swaying in the morning breeze. Hunger, weariness, strained nerves, the clammy shroud of the river—all combined to bring to our minds each horrid tale we ever had heard, and to fill us with terror.

Save for the shot, the yell, and the reeking corpse almost at our feet, we had no evidence that an enemy was aware of our presence. We heard nothing beyond our own movements and whispers and the wash of the waves. Yet we felt that this very island was peopled by savages who had stolen over from the mainland during the night.

Luckily, when we were just able to descry the twigs of the willows, and to fancy hideous faces scowling at us, Major Taylor ordered that the Indians be driven from their vantage. The small cannon in several of the barges drove a round or so of grape through the willows; then, leaving twenty men in each boat as a guard, we plunged into the shoals lying between us and the island. Half swimming, half wading, riflemen with mouths crammed with bullets to insure rapid reloadings, we rushed through the trees and brush, cheering as we advanced. The red skins could not stand a charge like this—they are poor folk to resist a charge, anyway—and speedily we had the island to ourselves.

The mists had disappeared. The sun was up. On the Illinois bank we could

see cannon—a six pounder and a three pounder, said Captain Rector—at the water's edge, and British artillerists to serve them. Officers on horseback moved here and there.

Then were we mindful of cannon shot hurtling into our midst. A cry went out that the barges were wrecked, and that we would be left in the willows and massacred by the savages. Helter skelter we regained our crafts, to push off and stop leaks. The cannon were well handled. The balls flew close over our heads or ricocheted, and once in a while splinters flew from a hull or gunwale. Farthermore, the Indians had now collected on a small island below us, and were annoying us considerably by picking off exposed persons.

"We are to hold a council," called Captain Whiteside to Captain Rector, as the boats approached each other.

"Captain Rector, take your men and knock h—l out of those devils!" bawled a voice from the commanding officer's barge. It might have been from Major Taylor, or it might have been from an aide. It didn't matter from whom. The savages were indicated and at them we went.

We encountered fierce resistance. The willows were thick in the centre of the island, but where we landed a sandy beach twenty yards wide stretched from trees and bushes to water. We fired a volley, and rapidly reloading leaped onto the sand, some in our party remaining behind to cover our movement. Captain Rector was dressed in new full uniform, and carried a tall feather in his cap. Sword in hand he was the first to touch the beach, and he led us across it into the willows.

Such pandemonium raged that memory of that charge is confused. I only know that screeching, painted, fantastic figures twisted and jumped and contorted before my eyes until I seemed to be fighting imps of the infernal regions. I

can conceive nothing more horrible, or more supernatural.

I had emptied my mouth of bullets. I was conscious that quickly as an Indian shifted his position, quicker was my aim. Then I found myself, and companions on right and left, slowly retreating, step by step. We were overmatched. In a moment we had regained

her with poles were ready to push off.

I called frantically, and ran along the beach, expecting every moment to feel a bullet in my back.

"To the rear! To the rear, man! Quick!" came a shout from many voices. I leaped to one side and turned, throwing up my rifle as a hunter does when a deer is about to break cover.



Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Sauk jerk forward his raised arm, and pitch head'ong

the sand, and the enemy held the protection of the willows.

I saw Captain Rector wave his sword and shout something. More through intuition than understanding, I sprang forward in a last charge that I felt must serve to give us but a chance to attain our boat. I stumbled over a root, and fell, putting out my hands to save myself. My rifle became entangled among the twigs and branches. I jerked at it desperately, having no notion of going without it. By the time I had disengaged it my comrades were wading to the barge, were tumbling into it, and the men in

In my very footsteps, and fifteen yards behind me, came full tilt the biggest Indian I had ever seen—a Sauk, by his war paint. Some savages had been fighting in yellow leather shirts. This one was naked save for his breech clout and moccasins. His body glistened with perspiration. Vermillion and ochre streaked his face and chest. His tomahawk was in his right hand. His two braids streamed straight in the breeze. Not a detail was lost on me.

The moment I leveled my rifle he began to dodge, after the manner of one who wishes to evade a bullet. He did

not know my piece was empty. So we stood face to face, I steadily threatening him with the gun, and he dancing nearer and nearer, with hatchet raised. How I would have fared had nothing intervened I do not care to speculate, because he could advance swifter than I could move backward. Had I put hand to knife he would have hurled his tomahawk. I saw no escape with honor. Rather than run from him I would have died.

This incident, of course, consumed but a few moments. Doubtless the pieces in the barge had been empty, at first, for now I heard a sharp crack, a ball grazed my head, and there was a smart "chug"—a sound I could not fail of interpreting. The savage wavered, though I could see no wound. Suddenly blood gushed from his mouth and nose. Still the duel was not ended. With long, staggering strides he walked down at me, his face distorted, his eyes set grimly, his brow matted in a scowl of intense hatred. Singing his death song, on he came over the sand. And I clutched my rifle and waited.

I heard the report of several rifles. I was whirled partly around. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Sauk jerk forward his raised arm, and pitch headlong. Something smote me on the temple, and stunned, blinded, I reeled to my hands and knees. I have a dim recollection of a shrill chorus of yells from the willows and a hoarse answer from the barge; a rush past me up the beach; arms lifting me as I lay helpless, and dragging me through sand and water; futile attempts to unclasp my fingers from my rifle. I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes again to the world we were in the middle of the river. My companions were idly chatting, and as I pulled myself up feebly, to look over the gunwale I beheld ahead and behind the remainder of our flotilla strung out. From remarks I gathered that with a record of a repulse, a number of dead

and eleven wounded (three mortally) we were hastening back to St. Louis.

Inconsequential as my wounds were, compared with those of some (mine being merely a ball through the left shoulder, and a painful blow from the butt of a tomahawk, cutting the right side of my head) they were enough to throw me into a fever, which rendered me oblivious to events during our passage down the river. And when sense had triumphed over vagaries caused by my delirium, I was in a strange bed in a strange room, with the only familiar object visible Mademoiselle Marie herself. She was sitting beside me, eyeing me anxiously; and when she perceived that I recognized her she smiled, saying, gaily:

"Is monsieur ready for another expedition?"

I only stared, for I was dazed.

"Monsieur must not talk. This is the house of Auguste Chouteau—of which you doubtless have some little memory—and for three days and nights we have been endeavoring to restore enough wit to a remarkably thick head so that its owner may tell us of the wars."

"The rifle—the rifle?" I inquired, that having been my last uppermost thought.

"Was very dirty, monsieur, but has been cleaned again."

A knowledge of where I was, and of who she was, dawned upon me, and I strove to rise. Obligations were increasing too rapidly in number. But I strove in vain. The girl watched me, amused. Then a great change transformed her countenance; pity and tenderness took possession of her eyes. She bent over me and laid her cool, soft hand on my hot brow.

"Monsieur Petherbridge," she said earnestly, "you do us honor by staying in this house until you are well and strong. Do not fret. Oh, monsieur," she added warmly, "thou art a brave man. I heard all."

Delicious the touch of her hand.
Delicious her "thou".

"Yet I am not a Frenchman — of Cahokia," I murmured, half bitterly, half jokingly.

"No, thou art an Englishman," she replied. "But, listen, monsieur—were I not French, I, too, would be English—of Montreal."

I gazed at her wonderingly. She withdrew her hand and affected to pick something from the floor.

"Strange," I said, musingly, "since thou hast a leaning to the English—of Montreal—and I to the French, if there be not a meeting place."

She lifted her head, slowly, with face averted.

"Mademoiselle Marie," I ventured, gently.

With a quick movement she turned, our eyes challenged, and Oh, the next instant her crimsoned cheek was against mine, on the pillow.



Stories for the Children

By CLARENCE HAWKES,

The Blind Poet of Hadley, Mass.

Gray-Brush

GRAY-BRUSH was a squirrel and the cleverest member of the Gray-Brush family that I have ever seen. I found him one day, during a walk, down in the pasture under an oak. He had, probably, had a bad fall and hurt his back, something that rarely happens to a squirrel, for he was vainly trying to climb the trunk of the oak. He was using only his fore paws, while his hind legs were limp and useless under him, and his brush, that a squirrel usually carries saucily cocked over one shoulder, lay limp upon the ground.

I picked him up carefully, but he squirmed and bit at me savagely and showed all of that distrust that the wild creature usually has for man. But when he found that I did not intend to hurt him he became quiet, and I carried him home in my hat.

I found an old-fashioned cage in the garret and put Gray-Brush in it, after which I bathed his back in arnica, and gave him corn and buckwheat. But he

ate little for the first day or two and would not eat at all when I was watching him. After awhile, when I would happen around, I would find that he had been nibbling at his breakfast, or, that he had hidden it somewhere in his cage.

Master Frisky did not know what to make of Gray-Brush. I do not know that he had ever seen a squirrel before, anyway he had not seen one so near. It was not a kitten, for the tail was too large and bushy; it was not a pup, of course, because he would know a pup at once, and what it was he didn't know.

Gray-Brush grew better very fast under my care, and in a couple of weeks he was entirely well. Then he would sit perfectly erect upon his hind legs, with his tail gracefully balanced over one shoulder, and hold a nut between his forepaws and eat it. Around and around the nut would turn, while his sharp teeth dropped shavings from the shuck into the bottom of the cage. And when he had gnawed through to the fine meat, he would eat it with great relish and then throw the shuck away.

When he had finished his breakfast, he would take his morning run on the wheel. It was not much like scurrying through the tree-tops, and the poor little fellow thought with regret of the sweet woods, with the green tree-tops to run upon. But like the rest of the squirrel family, he believed in making the best of what he had, and so he would jump upon the wheel and make it spin around until all you could see was a dim and indistinct circle.

When he got tired of scampering away so fast and never getting anywhere, he would spring from the wheel, and stand at the bars of his cage, twitching his tail back over his head and looking at us with his bright eyes.

Sometimes when he got very lonely and longed for the woods, O so much; he would sing his forest song, keeping time with twitches of his tail and patting of his paws.

*"Chitter, chitter, chee, up in a tree,
Chitter, chitter, chee, wild and free,
Chitter, chitter, chee, follow me."*

Master Frisky looked very much astonished the first time he heard this song, but he soon learned to expect it, and even listen for Gray-Brush's cheery song of the woods.

When he was tired of this chatter, that his mother had taught him so long ago, he would sit up and look straight at us and bark. His bark sounded quite like that of a little dog, only it was not so loud. And so, with eating nuts and running his wheel, barking and chattering, and singing his forest song, Gray-Brush passed away the time as best he could. But he thought very often of his brothers and sisters, of his old father and mother and of his many cousins, all of whom thought him dead except his mother, who still said that he would some day come back to them.

"O, dear," sighed poor Gray-Brush, springing from his wheel to the bottom

of his cage one summer morning, "I do hate this old cage, it is so hot and stuffy and small. O, I wish I were free and out in the woods."

"What! would you rather be in the woods than in that fine cage?" asked Frisky, who was lying on the grass near by.

"Would I?" said Gray-Brush scornfully. "I would as soon die as to stay in this cage all summer."

Frisky looked very much surprised. He had never imagined but what Gray-Brush was contented and happy, he was so cheerful and good-natured.

"Why," he said, "here you get a fine breakfast every morning, and in the woods you cannot always find nuts. Besides, here you are safe, and in the woods there are all sorts of dangers."

"I know it," said Gray-Brush, "but it is not something to eat that I care for. The woods are my home; there I can run and be wild and free, but here I can only mope, and break my heart at last, for no one of my people was ever kept in a cage but he died of home-sickness at the end."

"That is very queer," said Frisky, "I should think that you would like to have a kind master like ours, one who would feed you and keep your cage clean and nice."

"You would," said Gray-Brush contemptuously. "How would you like to be shut up in a box like this, and never go outside, while all the other dogs were running about having a fine time?"

"I would not like it at all," said Frisky, "and if they did that to me I would manage to gnaw off the slats and run away." "That is what I would do if I could," said Gray-Brush. "But these bars are so hard that I cannot gnaw them without breaking my teeth, and all the inside of my cage is just the same."

"Why did you let my master get you?" asked Frisky.

"I was hurt," said Gray-Brush. "I fell from a tall tree when I was running

very fast to get some medicine for my poor father. He was awful sick and I am afraid that he is dead by this time. I was going to get him some bark from the spotted osier for his rheumatism."

"Have you a mother, too?" asked Frisky, with interest.

"Oh, yes," said Gray-Brush, "and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and cousins. And I would like to see them all so much." Poor Gray-Brush wiped a tear from the corner of his eye with his tail, and then sat up very straight that Frisky might not see what he had done.

"I wish you could see them all," said Frisky sympathetically, "but I would hate to have you leave us, you are so cunning and I like you very much."

"I think your master would let me go if he knew how much I longed for the woods, don't you?" asked Gray-Brush.

"I don't know," said Frisky, doubtfully. "He is good to every one, and perhaps he might; but you see he does not know, because we animals can't talk to folks as we can to each other."

"That is just the trouble," said Gray-Brush pathetically, and so I will have to stay here and die, like all the rest of the captive squirrels, just because people don't understand."

Frisky looked troubled, but said: "I would help you, Gray-Brush, if I could."

"Would you?" asked the squirrel eagerly.

"Of course I would," said Frisky.

"Then just turn that button on the cage door with your paw."

"I am afraid master would not like to have me do that," said Frisky, "I guess it would be wicked."

"You say that he would let me go if he knew how much I wanted to," said Gray-Brush, "and besides you said that you would help me if you could."

Frisky looked doubtfully, first at my study window and then at the cage door.

"Please do," said Gray-Brush again. "I do want to go so much."

The little fellow was crowding at the cage door and panting with eagerness, his eyes big with excitement and longing.

"O, do! Frisky," he sobbed, "and I will love you all my life."

Frisky reached up with his fore paws and turned the button. Gray-Brush pushed against the door and it swung open, and with a whisk of his tail and a patter of small feet he was gone along the stone wall that led to the woods. But directly, from a distant orchard, came back the cheerful song of the squirrel family:

*"Chitter, chitter, chee, up in a tree,
Chitter, chitter, chee, wild and free,
Chitter, chitter, chee, come with me."*

And the song was so full of joy and gladness that Frisky was glad that he had turned the button, although he half expected a licking for it.

That evening, when I went to feed Gray-Brush, I found the cage door wide open and the little fellow gone.

"Where is Gray-Brush?" I asked of Frisky, who was looking mournfully into the cage. And he looked so guilty, that I was sure he had let him out, but he fell to licking my boot so affectionately that I forgave him.

"It is no matter," I said, "his home is in the woods and there he should be."



The Sad Story of Peep

IT was still the middle of February, and there was little indication of spring. The snow lay deep upon the ground, the eaves dripped by day and the nights were cold and crisp. As soon as the sun went down and it began to grow dark, the north wind would come driving his white-maned horses over the snow at a gallop, and sometimes when he got

to driving too recklessly you would hear his steeds come bang against the side of the house.

Under the snow the daffy-down-dillies were sleeping soundly, or perhaps they dreamed occasionally of spring. So cold it was and so wintry that you may imagine my astonishment on going to the barn one morning to find Old Speck setting.

"Why, you foolish old hen," I said, "you don't want any chickens this time of year; they would all freeze to death." I put my hand down to push her off the nest, but she pecked savagely at me, and said "curr, curr," which means, in her language, "go away, I want to set, I want some chickens."

So I let her stay on the nest, thinking as it was so cold that she would soon get tired of trying to set. But every morning when I went to the barn I found her on the nest. At last, like Old Speck, I too began to long for some chickens. How cheerful it would seem to hear them peeping.

So, finally, I fixed her a warm nest in the hay mow and put thirteen eggs under her and waited. But how long those three weeks seemed. Each day, when I went up stairs to feed and water the hen, Master Frisky would go too, and stand watching her through the slats of the box while she ate. I said "chickens" to him, and he wagged his tail and seemed to understand.

At last the longed for day came, and Old Speck, with much clucking and scolding, came off with just one chicken! But what a cute little fellow he was, as black as a coal and as lively as a grasshopper. I held him in my hand and let Master Frisky look at him, and he laughed and wagged his tail and gave three or four glad barks.

Old Speck scratched around as hard in the straw for this one chicken as she would have done for a dozen, and how this little bit of black down would peep!

When he was nestled under his mother's wings his peep was soft and contented, but when running about the box it was shrill and loud and, if you had not seen him, you would have thought that there were a dozen chickens instead of one.

At first he was only a ball of fuzz, but after about a week the tiniest feathers began to show at the tips of his wings, and by the third week he had quite a growth of them.

He did not eat much at first, but Old Speck broke up bits of the egg-shell and he swallowed those and that gave him a chance to grind the other things that he soon learned to eat. When I would bring him out a soaked cracker, his mother would say, "break, break, break." This meant breakfast, and he would first peep out from under her wing and then come scampering out and peck at the cracker with the cutest little yellow bill. When he had finished his breakfast you could hardly see that the cracker had been touched, but he was a very little chicken and it was all he wanted. Then he would go up to the water and, standing on the edge of a box cover that I had filled, dip his bill in, pausing each time to give thanks as his mother did.

It was a new and strange world into which this young chick had just pecked his way, and he felt very important over his conquest of that tough egg-shell and proud of himself as well. His bright eyes saw everything, and his quick little feet were eager to carry him to all parts of the world. At present his world was a box about three feet square and two high. It seemed a very large place to the young chick, who was so small that when his mother scratched in the straw she would occasionally cover him over entirely, and then there would be such a peeping and scratching until he had uncovered himself again and seen daylight.

It was not long before he had peeped into all the corners of the box and ex-

plored all of the holes in the straw, so then he began looking through the slats on the box and wondering what was on the outside. At this Old Speck clucked sternly and told him not to venture outside for it was very dangerous. But the next day, when his mother was scratching for him in the loose dirt, he slipped through the slats but was terribly frightened to see a large, strange thing crouching on the hay watching him.

"Peep, peep," he said, "I am so frightened!" Old Speck ran quickly and beat against the side of the box and made a great noise with her wings so that the cat did not dare come near, and the poor little chicken scrambled back into the box as soon as he could. He hid under his mother's wing and was so frightened that he did not dare look out for fear that he would see those two terrible eyes.

All the next day he was very good, staying close to his mother and coming quickly when she called. That night they heard a strange nibbling noise at one end of the box. They listened for a long time and finally it ceased. Old Speck told the chick that it was a wicked rat who was an old enemy of theirs and that they must be careful.

During the days that followed it was very cold and the wind howled. Old Speck and the chick kept quiet and the wise old hen told him of the outside world into which they should soon go, and of its many dangers and deceits, all of which should have terrified so young a chicken and made him keep close to his mother. But this one was not terrified, and he longed for the time when they should go forth from the box and see all these strange and terrible things about which his mother had been telling him.

He did not think that Red-Tail, the hawk, could get him, not if he saw him coming, and he would always know when White-Plume was about by the smell. He would keep his eye out for Sly-Boy,

whom his mother described as so terrible.

The rats and the cats had not got him yet, and he did not believe that they could. And as for Lord Reynard, who lived in the woods beyond the meadow and who had carried his great grandfather off one night, notwithstanding that he was a large rooster—well, that was a long time ago and such things did not happen now; anyhow, Lord Reynard would not want a small chicken, and when he got larger he would look out for him.

At last the longed for day came. It was about the first of April; the winds were still cold but the snow was gone, and there was a touch of green on the lawns along the sunny south sides. Dandelion had not yet lifted up his golden head, but he was restless and his leaves had put on a pale green.

I knocked off one of the boards on the box and forth came Old Speck clucking and bristling, closely followed by the black chicken. About the lawn they went, "Cluck, cluck, cluck—peep, peep, peep." I never have seen a chicken before or since that could peep like this little black bunch of feathers. His note was as loud and clear as a canary's and as persistent as it was delightful. "Spring, spring, spring," he seemed to be saying, "Spring, spring, spring," from morning until night.

"What, have you got chickens?" asked a neighbor. "Yes, one," I said. "One? I should think that there were twenty," said the friend. So we named him the Peep, and took this bold little chick to our hearts, and he became as one of the family.

Many were the adventures that befell him, and many a time Old Speck's courage and wisdom saved him from destruction. Once Red-Tail bore down upon them when they were far from cover, and Old Speck beat at him furiously with her wings and for a moment kept him at a distance. But, fortunately

for them both, Master Frisky happened to hear the noise and came running and barking so furiously that the terrible hawk flew away. Master Frisky had a great liking for the Peep from the first and if he saw the cat looking longingly at him he would chase the cat under the barn or up a tree. Sir Cockadoodle, too, took a shine to the precocious youngster, and he took it upon himself to keep the hens from pecking it, which was quite a condescension on his part.

When it was time to go to roost the Peep would get upon his mother's back, and then she would fly upon a low roost and from that to a higher one. When they were safe upon the roost the Peep would wriggle down from her back and then walk carefully along to Sir Cockadoodle and adroitly slip between his legs, and there he would stand upon the perch all night.

It was a comical and amusing picture. The great, white rooster, tall and dignified, and the bit of a chicken that came barely up to his spurs, standing between his legs; and when once safely settled for the night the Peep would swell up and try to look like Sir Cockadoodle. He seemed to say, "Don't you see us, Sir Cockadoodle and I? We are the guardians of the roost."

It is hard to conjecture what this young chicken might have become, or what he might have accomplished, had it not been for a most lamentable *if*.

One morning he was standing upon the perch between the legs of his protector, as usual. It was not yet light, but his bright eyes were wide open. He could hear the hens and Sir Cockadoodle breathing peacefully, and through the window he could see the pale morning stars. How still it was, and how strange! Presently he began studying a certain hole in one corner of the hen house. He had often wondered what was in it, but his mother had told him that it was a very

dangerous hole and that he must keep away from it.

Here was an adventure. He would explore the hole this morning, before any of the hen family were awake. So down he slipped from the roost and started toward the hole. But when he got to the hole he stopped. Something seemed to say, "Go back," and then he heard a little noise. What could it be? He must see what that noise was, so into the hole he slipped. How dark it was, and how frightful and cold! He would go back at once, but which was the way? Instead of looking back into the comfortable hen house he was looking directly into the beady, wicked eyes of Charley Nibbler.

About him, on every side, were a half dozen wicked looking rats. He tried to peep, but his voice, that was usually so loud and shrill, was a mere squeak, and then the rats came closer and he could feel their hot breath and see their white, cruel teeth. And then he found his voice. "Peep, peep, peep," he cried. "Sir Cockadoodle, Sir Cockadoodle, save me!"

With a loud note of alarm Sir Cockadoodle came down from the roost followed by all the hens. Old Speck scratched at the hole frantically, while Sir Cockadoodle beat his strong wings against the boards with a great noise, but all to no purpose. They all knew too well the meaning of those pathetic peeps that grew fainter and fainter until all was still.

When I arrived at the hen house the commotion had stopped and many of the hens had gone back to the roost, but Sir Cockadoodle and Old Speck still stood in the corner. When, by the light of my lantern, I discovered a few small black feathers and a drop of blood upon the dirt, I did not need to search farther; the sad end of the Peep was only too apparent. I filled the hole with dirt and went sorrowfully back to bed,

thinking how we should miss his shrill peeping on the morrow.

"How lonely it is without him," said Old Speck to Sir Cockadoodle the next night upon the roost. "Did you notice how my voice broke to-day?" returned that worthy. "I could scarcely crow; he was a chicken after my own heart and would have made a fine cock, but alas! the good die young."



Tony

POOOR Tony was an orphan and all alone in the world, his mother having died the day he was born, and as for his father, no one had ever seen or heard of him.

What could one do alone in the world, especially when one was only a bit of a black-and-tan terrier pup, and small enough to go into a tea-cup? Certainly it was an uneven battle—the great, strange world on one side and this bit of a dog on the other.

At present Tony was just nine days old and he was lying in a basket trying to get his eyes open; they were stuck together so tight and there were a great many strange noises and he wanted to see what they all were; besides, it was so dark.

Presently he got one of them open a little and peeped out, but he could not see very well, the light blinded him so and he only had one corner of an eye to see with. So he waited and in the meantime took a nap. When he woke up, the eye, that had been partly open, came wide open with a snap, and the great world was before him. How the light blinded him! He was soon glad to shut this one eye and let it rest, but presently he opened it again and looked around.

He was lying on some hay in a willow basket and there was a dish of milk beside him. This must be what they had been feeding him with a spoon, so he

went to the dish and drank till his sides stuck out, which made him look even more than ever like a ball. He then looked up to the top of the basket. It was so high he never would be able to get out of it and would have to live in the basket all his life. When he looked up again he saw a strange face looking down at him, there were two big eyes and lots of whiskers. It was stern Thomas, the family cat, but Tony did not know. He thought that it would be nice to make friends with the stranger and so he tried to get up, but his legs were very wobbly and as soon as he raised his nose, stern Thomas gave him a terrible box on the ear and poor Tony thought that he was killed, so he lay very still, and after that, whenever he saw Thomas looking into the basket he got as far away as possible and he most certainly did not poke his nose up at him.

There were three things that Tony did during these puppy days. He ate, he slept and he grew, but when his eyes got so that they were wide open all the time and his stubby legs were no longer weak these things would not do for him. He was too big a dog merely to grow; he must find what was at the other end of his basket and see, if he could, what was outside.

So he would waddle up and down, smelling at all the corners and some times making funny grunts and whines, which he thought were very fine growls and barks. When he was tired of this he would roll and tumble about, biting with his toothless gums at the hay or teasing the blanket that had been put in the basket to make it comfortable for him.

One day he stood upon his hind legs and reached up as far as he could with his fore paws and to his great joy he got them over the top of the basket. Then he dug his toes into the sides of the basket and tumbled head first upon the floor. His nose got a hard bump in the fall,

but he was out of that hateful basket, so he did not care, and soon he was having a fine time hopping around the shed and smelling and lapping everything in sight. But this fun was of short duration, for suddenly there was a frightful spitting and before he knew it, Thomas, the old cat, was upon him, spitting in his face and sticking such sharp needles into him that he yelped and yelped and was too frightened to try to run. He just got as far into a corner as he could. The poor little puppy would have been badly clawed had not some one happened along and driven off hateful Thomas and put Tony back in the basket. After this experience he did not venture out again for two days, but by that time he had forgotten his severe lesson and came forth again.

This time he went straight for the wood shed door and out on the lawn, where the grass was fresh and green. How cool it was, and what fun it was to play upon it. Here it was, upon the lawn, that Master Frisky and I first saw him. Frisky went up to him and gave him a good dog kiss, and was very good to Tony, for he had never seen so small a dog and he thought him very cute.

Then Tony remembered about Thomas, and he told Master Frisky about the cat with needles in his paws and Frisky said that Thomas better not touch him when he was around. Frisky stayed and played with Tony, while I went to the postoffice, and when I came back they were still rolling on the grass.

"Don't go away," said Tony with a funny little whine, "you are all the friend that I have in the world."

"But I must," said Frisky, "don't you see my master is a long way down the street and I ought to be right by his side? I will come and see you again tomorrow." So he gave Tony another good dog kiss and galloped after me.

Faithful to his promise, Master Frisky went to see Tony the next morning and,

although it was early, he found Tony waiting for him at the corner of the house. At the sight of Master Frisky, Tony came running to him with queer hops, like a rabbit, and he expressed his joy with funny little barks.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," he said, "I was awfully afraid that you would not come. I love you so much because you are good to me."

The two friends laid down on the grass and had a fine tumble. Tony growled and tried to bite and Frisky made believe be afraid of him, which pleased Tony greatly. When Thomas, the cat, came out and growled at them, Frisky chased him up a tree and Tony's joy was complete.

"I wish you could stay with me all the time," he said, "they are so bad to me when you are not here. Thomas claws me, the rooster pecks me, and Captain Strutt, the gobbler, beats me with his wings, and even my little master Robbie hurts me awfully sometimes."

"I should think he would be ashamed to hurt such a cute little dog as you are," said Frisky. "What does he do?"

"He pulls my ears and ties things to my tail, and yesterday he sat on me and 'most broke my back."

"It's too bad," said Frisky, sympathetically, "I wish you could come and live with me. But you be brave and every day you will grow a little, and when you get to be big like me they will not dare to hurt you."

Frisky stayed until nearly noon playing with poor Tony, and it was the pleasantest half day the little fellow had ever known. Always after that when we went to the postoffice we were sure to see Tony standing at the corner of the house watching for us, and although Frisky's calls were the pleasantest hours he knew, his troubles grew, rather than got less.

"They are so cruel to me," he said to Frisky one day, "I believe I shall drown myself."

REVERSALS

"Don't do that," said Frisky, "things will get better pretty quick and I should miss you so much."

One morning Tony awoke and climbing out of his basket went to the shed door and looked out. It was still dark and the stars were shining. He was so lonesome and tired and cold. He would give a good deal to see Frisky, even for a minute, and tell him all his troubles. How nice it would be to have some one to pat him on the head and tell him that he was a good dog, as Frisky's master always did when he came along. If he only had some one to love him like that!

A big tear rolled down his cheek and fell upon the floor and he gave a pathetic little whine. Down from the doorstep he hopped and around the shed to the barn. There was the horse pond, dark and cold, but it could not be worse than his lot. He put one paw into the water; it was so cold that it made him shiver and whine. If Frisky only would come along. Then he put both paws into the water and waded in up to his knees. It was so icy that he trembled and stopped to consider. *Here* was the cold pond and *there* was Thomas with his sharp claws, the gobbler, and his cruel young master; a tear rolled down each cheek and splashed into the pond. The water was cold, but this great hard world that cared so little for a small dog was

colder, and he took a few more steps.

"Goodbye, Frisky," he said, "you are the only one that was ever good to me and I love you so much."

Then there was a plunge and a splash, a few bubbles and a very small dog had gone where the cat, the gobbler and his thoughtless young master could no longer torment him.

The next morning, when Robbie awoke and went to look for Tony in his basket, he was not there, and a few minutes later he found his limp little doggie in the horse pond back of the barn. He was very much astonished, and his heart was nearly broken, for, like most of us, he had been thoughtless, rather than cruel, and he had not imagined how much he had hurt little Tony.

"O, mamma," he sobbed, "he is dead and I can't ever have him any more! Yesterday I was awful naughty to him, and pulled his tail to make him yelp and now he can't ever forgive me. O, dear! O, dear!"

At this mamma looked very grave and took Robbie on her lap and said: "I did not know that you were cruel to Tony or you should not have had him to play with. It is very wrong for us to hurt the dumb creatures that God has given us to care for, and you did wrong. Tony can never run and bark or play with you again, but let it be a lesson to you to always be kind to your pets."



Reversals

LET that which stood in front go behind,
Let that which was behind advance to the front,
Let bigots, fools, unclean persons, offer new propositions,
Let the old propositions be postponed,
Let a man seek pleasure everywhere except in himself,
Let a woman seek happiness everywhere except in herself.

Walt Whitman

The Gem of the Minneapolis Lakes

Elbridge R. Anderson, the Distinguished Boston Attorney, Tells a Quaint Story of Early Days on the Shores of Lake Harriet, Now a Favorite Resort of the Residents of the North-Western Metropolis.

By ELBRIDGE R. ANDERSON

LAKE Harriet, the gem of the Minneapolis lakes, lies snuggled between the verdant hills in the southern part of the metropolis of the head waters of the Mississippi. A fine boulevard, with its beautiful grass plats and flowers and magnificent trees, skirts the shores. A fine pavilion with every convenience for the pleasure seeker, stands upon the shores, built like a pagoda in the far East. Connected with the pavilion and standing out into the crystal waters of the lake is a band stand capable of accommodating the largest band and choral organizations. In the summer time, in these present days, the sweetest music is furnished by such notable organizations as the Band de Rosa and the choral societies of the twin cities. On any August afternoon and evening you can enjoy a round of innocent pleasure at the lake. It is a grand scene of enjoyment. The lake is filled with boats, canoes and sailing craft. The costumes of the sailors are gay and picturesque in the extreme. When the band plays under the electric lights all the boats and other craft float into sight from the darkness of the lake and the pleasure seeking crowds remain silent in the enjoyment of the selections from the great masters, keeping their boats and canoes near to the band stand by an occasional dip of the paddle or oars. The crowd of boats and the gayness of the costumes of the occupants reminds one of the crush of boats on the famous Henley course on

the river Thames in England during regatta week.

These are the scenes at the "lake beautiful" which anyone may see in the present days and as one looks about and drinks in the enjoyment of the scene it seems as if it always must have been the same. One little realizes that only a few short years ago the scene was one so entirely different that a picture of it is almost like a fable. Upon the very spot where the happy pleasure seekers laugh and sing and listen to the best the world affords in music, was an Indian camp which had existed for centuries before. That camp was the only one of its kind in the world. It was composed of wigwams and tepees made from saplings and buffalo hides and contained a thousand or more of the structures. The camp never was broken up. It was occupied from time to time by all the western tribes. When the tepees and wigwams became old and out of repair the bands who found them decadent rebuilt and renewed them. It was a camp of pilgrims on religion bent and was sacred to all Indians alike. There is no record or tradition of any hostility between the bands who occupied the camp while they thus held it. These wild men were not unlike our early forefathers. They went to a shrine as the knights of old. Instead of going to a shrine of the Prince of Peace as the forefathers did, they were imbued with the worship of the Great Spirit who they

believed lived in the rocky gorge of the Falls of St. Anthony, and the voice of the Great Spirit spoke to them through the thunder of the tumbling waters. The bands halted in their pilgrimage at the beautiful lake and in that sacred camp prepared themselves for the worship of the one greater than they. There they gathered together their offerings of skins and claws and feathers captured in the chase, and after all had been done and the dancing and chanting of prayers had hallowed the offerings, the band took up its march to the temple of their Great Spirit only a few miles away. By the bank of that mighty river they came and knelt and chanted again their prayers that the Great Spirit would aid them in all their undertakings, their hunting, their fishing, their fighting and their love making. All day long they remained there in reverent attitude, and if in the evening the wind by chance swept the spray from the foaming, tumbling water into their bronze faces, they took it that their Deity had promised to do unto them what they asked. They then hung up their costly robes and furs in the trees and strewed the feathers on the face of the waters so that Manitou would not forget them in their absence. When this was done they returned to the camp by the lake and on the next day departed to their homes.

These things went on for how many years no one knows. As one band departed another came and the worship went on until the white man, with his greed for gain, came in and possessed the land and destroyed the Indians' shrine and harnessed the sacred waters and made them labor for the good of mankind. When the white man first came, the Indian was very jealous and filled with fear lest he should invade the sacred ground. Many a white was killed and his family driven away into captivity by these men, because of their belief that they were doing the Great Spirit's bid-

ding. It was a dangerous undertaking for a white man to invade the precincts of the sacred ground by the lake, but he had come to stay, and, as the Indians had feared, he was impressed with the beauty of the lake and the fertility of the soil by its shores.

Within fifty years that Indian camp was there and a man, whom we will call Thompson, for his name is of no consequence, came with his family of two grown boys and one girl of eighteen, and tried to establish himself in a new home on one of the rolling hills to the north of the lake and within a short distance of the camp. The hill was covered with trees, and the family lived in a lean-to until the trees had been cut down and the logs prepared for a house and a log house of these was built. All the time this had been going on the Indians kept watch of them and the old man and the two boys worked with their guns at their hands and near to where Virginia, for that was the girl's name, worked at her household duties. Nothing occurred to hinder the work and as the family did not molest the Indians they in turn went about their own affairs. After the house was built and there had been no trouble at all with the camp Indians, Thompson and his sons in their work went further and further away from the house and left Virginia at home to look after the household affairs.

One bright autumn morning Thompson and the boys set out to go to the Fort on the river to procure some needful things and left the daughter at home. The family had been there so many months and as nothing had occurred she did not feel at all afraid, for she could use a gun as well as her father or brothers. After the house work had been done and the breakfast dishes washed she set to work to make up a batch of dough and was paying no attention to anything except her work. She had just taken up an old-fashioned rolling-pin made from

hard wood and had it in her hands just about to roll out some of her dough, when she heard a sound as if a dog were walking on the floor. She turned about quickly and there in the middle of the room stood two Sioux Indians with painted faces glowering at her. They said nothing and did nothing for a moment, and then one of them advanced toward her. She, fearing that he would kill her, struck him with all her might with the rolling-pin on the head and knocked him down. To her great surprise the other Indian instead of rushing at her with his tomahawk broke out in uproarious laughter and started toward the door. The fallen Indian put his hands to his head and rubbed his eyes and got up without saying a word and slowly walked away. She became thoroughly frightened at what had happened and ran to the door and put the bar across it and got her gun down from the wall and made ready for an attack. She sat looking out of the window for a long time, but finding that no one came she put down her gun and went again to work.

In the afternoon the men returned from the fort and she told them what had happened. They were all greatly troubled, believing that the house would be attacked or some of them be killed as they worked in the fields. Weeks went by, however, and nothing occurred, and the family lost their fear. The men had gone away on a morning some six weeks after that eventful day, when six tall, painted savages appeared in the doorway where Virginia was feeding chickens. They were a dark, cruel-looking band and looked hideous in their paint and feathers. She stood and looked at them and was about to run into the house when one of them said: "How! How!"

and she recognized the savage she had felled with her rolling-pin. She turned again and all of his companions were laughing. They all advanced and said "Come" and pointed to the camp. She screamed, thinking she was to be taken away into captivity and perhaps killed or tortured. At her screams they all broke out again into laughter and took her by the arm and led her to the camp.

There she was met by a hundred warriors all in war paint who danced and chanted and swung their arms. She was led to the big tepee and there surrounded by all the braves and the women and children. She stood in terror as they all passed her and examined her curiously. At a signal she was led into the big tepee and there, sitting on the skins, was the Indian she had knocked down. He had on the dress and insignia of a chief. As she entered he smiled and rising, saluted her with "Welcome." He then led her out into the space before the tepee and gave to her two mallard ducks with their resplendent green heads, and two fine prairie chickens, and told her that he had killed them himself for her and that he gave them to her as a token of his regard for her bravery and goodness, and promised that so long as he lived no Indian should again molest her or her family. Then all the braves laughed and danced and sang and shook hands. The six Indians, headed by the chief, took her back to her home, and when leaving the chief and all said: "This is the brave woman who knocked down the chief, the mightiest of all the tribe."

Thompson and his family were never troubled after, and to this day the family lives on the hill and in the near-by city.

BOSTON, Mass.



In-Door and Out Papers

By NIXON WATERMAN

II

Of Clocks and Their Owners

ON the mantel over the fireplace in my library stands a clock that owns a very handsome exterior. Its china case is fashioned in gracefully carved outlines and its smooth surface is ornamented with roses which look as if they might have been painted by hand. Quite a number of the visitors whose presence, with more or less frequency, graces this room, have admired the clock and have remarked upon its beauty. I must say, however, that I am not in love with this particular time-piece. About the house are other much less pretentious clocks that I like better. The old and familiar saying, "Pretty is as pretty does," applies to a clock with peculiar forcefulness and explains why this one, ticking away on my mantel, is not handsome to me. The trouble with this time-piece is that it will not keep good time and when a clock doesn't keep good time it keeps bad time and bad time is worse than no time at all.

*"The truth itself is not believed
When told by tongues that have deceived."*

A guide-board that does not direct one in the right course must direct him in the wrong course and, necessarily, must commit much serious mischief by sending confiding travelers out of their way, with the loss of valuable time. The office of a guide-board is to direct, in an authoritative and more or less official manner, those who pass by it. If it fail in doing this it robs not only itself of all value but it lessens the worth of all other guide-boards, even though they

tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

The traveler whose sorry experience has destroyed his faith in guide-boards is robbed of his peace of mind which would have been of much comfort and consolation to him could he have retained it unimpaired. If a guide-board is a crude appearing home made affair we expect less of it, in the matter of accuracy, than we do when it is a handsomely turned, highly painted, gilt lettered creation. The same idea holds true with clocks. This time piece in my library is so handsome that I regret to say it is a failure as a time indicator. Before I had learned of its uncertainties and its vagaries I used to accept it at its face value. I remember with painful distinctness that once on a time I depended upon it to start me to the railway station in time to catch a train that was to take me to a town where I was to address a woman's club of several hundred members. The clock was five minutes slow, I missed the train and several hundred ladies waited in vain for the speaker who was to have addressed them, that afternoon. Since that day I have never looked at that clock without recalling the unpleasant incident to which I have referred. Its beauty does not make me blind to its defects. In fact it serves to make me recall them with a greater degree of regret. I have sought to have this clock cured of its wrong habits, but the clock-makers tell me it is inherently, constitutionally defective and that it will always be more or less tricky. Sometimes, and for no discoverable reason, it

is a few minutes slow and I have to hurry in a most undignified manner to catch my train into the city. The next time I start a few minutes earlier and learn that the clock was five or ten minutes fast and that I have nearly a quarter of an hour to wait at the station. As a matter of course it is only in my thoughtless moments that I consult it for the correct time; I depend upon my watch or on the other clocks about the house for that information. I find, however, that this undependable clock has made me more or less skeptical regarding the correct behavior of all time-pieces. I have little doubt but that if I were to visit the birth-place of official time at the Greenwich observatory, before setting my watch by the official chronometer I would ask the officers in charge: "Is your clock supposed to be about right?"

Of some things we demand beauty, of some things we demand use. We love the rose tree for the beautiful blossoms it produces. I am sure we should not like it so well did it also grow a bushel of potatoes at its root. Hammers with rosewood handles would not answer the purposes of practical carpenters so well as do the hammers with handles made of just plain, common, old fashioned hickory. Beauty serves to bring a reproach upon itself when it calls attention to the lack of other qualities of more essential importance in the object which it presumes to adorn. A patched coat need awaken no derision unless it be worn in close association with a silk hat.

For me my china clock has lost its beauty because it is deficient in the most important feature a clock should possess; it won't keep time. My sense of proportion is such that I will not let the beauty of a few hand-painted roses outweigh the thought that it fails in its one great duty as a time keeper. A poet may write the most correctly formed, smoothly turned love sonnets in the English language and yet if I positively know that he is

mean to his wife and family I will have none of him. First of all he must be a man, which is greater than to be a poet, as any one will admit. There may be extenuating circumstances all of which must be taken into consideration, but the fact remains that a poem on loyalty and patriotism by Benedict Arnold would not be taken seriously nor cherished fondly by a discerning people.

The boy whose sense of proportion has not been distorted by too frequent contact with the world will refuse to admire a kite that will not fly, simply because it is beautiful. The most beautiful of all human attributes is the ability to be of use and to do service for others. One might as well try to grow strong by looking at the sign over a restaurant door as to be satisfied with a beautiful person who possesses no other admirable qualities. The true basis on which to consider what we believe to be the most essential and hence the most beautiful attributes in another, is to think of him or her as being the only other person in the world.

The height of a monument may constitute its chief claim to beauty, yet its height is as dependent upon a stone at the bottom as it is on one at the top. The human hand, when properly employed, is nature's greatest expression of beauty. The heart may be false, the smiling face may be donned as a mask with which to deceive, but the fruit of the toil wrought by the hands is an honest, sincere expression that means more than the tongue can tell. The other features may be as the painted roses on the china case of my library clock, but the hands, like the hands of a time piece, are a true expression of what is within.

I have thought, on more than one occasion, as I have been admitted into the homes of my friends, that I could trace some evidences of similarity between clocks and their owners. I have one friend who is a professor in a great university. I have much respect for his pro-

found learning. To me he is more than a mere adjunct of the university—he is the university itself. He thinks deeply, he speaks slowly, he reasons profoundly. He has a big, tall clock that ticks in a slow, measured, deep-toned way. Whenever I hear it I fancy it is ticking off, in Greek and Latin, the most wonderful truths that the investigating mind of man has yet brought to light. If the professor were not present and no encyclopedia were at hand, I should expect that clock to tick me off any information I might ask of it. When I am in the room alone with that clock I somehow feel very insignificant. It sounds to me as if it were slowly saying: "You—don't—know—very—much—but—I—can—tell—you—all."

I remember a great hall clock that stood in an ancestral home in which I visited when a young boy. The house always made me think of the castles or the baronial halls of which I read in story books. This clock ticked in a hushed, sepulchral tone as if a ghost were shut up in it and directing its movements. The clock was the property of an ancient and mysterious family which was said to have a skeleton in the closet. I always fancied they kept the skeleton in the clock and that some time it would step out, when it found me there alone, and tell me the most horrible secret of some terrible deed that had been committed in the old house, years and years ago. But it never did, and in truth I never gave it much of an opportunity.

A friend of mine who has a particularly nervous, hasty, fidgety nature has done much to make me think there are points of similarity between clocks and their owners. He has a clock that fairly buzzes as it cuts the seconds up into quarters. An alarm warns you of the near completion of every quarter, half and whole hour, the latter being struck by a gong in so swift a manner that one cannot help calling to mind the words of

the old lady who on being impressed with the rapid flight of time exclaimed, "Sakes alive! How tempus does fugit!" I am not supposed to possess such things as "nerves," and yet when I visit at my friend's house and sit in front of that clock I am filled with a fidgety fear that it will burst, or jump off the shelf and chase me out of the house and down the street, just as a punishment for having in my possession such a slow and reserved temperament. My friend tells me his clock keeps good time. The information is a surprise to me. I would expect it to gain at least five hours a day, with its hasty manner of doing things.

I am told that when a woman begins to grow old she no longer likes a clock that strikes. In fact she wants a clock that says as little as possible regarding the flight of time and the coming of age. I believe if we look about us we shall find that striking clocks are seldom found in houses occupied solely by women. This same line of investigation may also bring to light the secret reason why a woman's watch so often refuses to run. Maybe it is because she doesn't wish it to run. Perchance she indulges the hope that she can stay the flight of time by letting her watch run down.

In my endeavor to substantiate the theory that there are certain established characteristic relationships existing between clocks and their owners I have met with some discouraging facts. For example, I have three friends who own what are known as cuckoo clocks. Naturally I expected to learn that each and all of them liked birds, but in a 'round-about way I found out that none of them has a special fondness for the feathered families. Why, then, do they own cuckoo clocks? Then it occurred to me that the clocks might not be of their own choosing and selection. I made inquiry along this line of my investigation and learned that all three of the clocks had come into the possession of their owners

as wedding presents. I have learned that it won't do to jump at conclusions regarding clocks and their owners. The clock may be an heirloom in the home, or it may have been imposed upon the family as a present of some sort. In short, some men are born with clocks, some achieve clocks, and some have clocks thrust upon them. First find out in which of these three ways a man becomes possessed of a clock before you attempt to study it as a key to his real nature. I am convinced, however, that there is much to be learned regarding the psychology of clocks and their owners. I never see or hear of a clock but I am impressed with the thought that its mechanism means more than can be compre-

hended in a few wheels and springs. This is especially true of a cuckoo clock. How any one can go into the house of another and prolong his visit beyond the proper limit, with a cuckoo clock proclaiming the hour in his ear, is beyond my power of thinking. There may be a dog fight in the street, the fire engines may thunder by, a brass band may play past my window without so much as attracting my attention, but when a cuckoo clock begins striking, I drop everything, and in my admiration of its wonderful and mysterious mechanism, give it my undivided and entranced attention. There are those, however, who are differently constituted, as the following verses will show:

The Cuckoo Clock

EBENEZER BILLINGS called on Angelina Brown,
 And stayed and stayed and stayed until her face was in a frown.
 She fidgeted and looked fatigued and yawned behind her hand,
 But Ebenezer Billings didn't seem to understand.
 He said about three thousand things of no account and then
 He blandly smiled and started in to say them all again,
 When Angelina's cuckoo clock upon the mantel near,
 It lifted up its voice and said ten times in Billings ear —
 "Br-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
 Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"

But Ebenezer never flinched; he waited till the bird
 Was done with its cuckooing, when he didn't say a word
 About how late 'twas growing, but he just kept talking on
 As if he meant to talk until the coming of the dawn.
 Poor Angelina! How she wished that he would go away;
 She knew her pa would raise a fuss because she let him stay.
 Eleven came and then the clock, still faithful to its trust,
 It yelled as if it firmly mean to make him go or bust —
 "Br-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
 Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"

However, Mr. Billings did not mind the clock a bit,
 But talked till Angelina — oh! she nearly had a fit.
 She knew her father listened in the chamber overhead.
 And thoughts of what might happen filled her very soul with dread.
 She yawned, and in a way that meant 'twas growing very late,
 Yet Ebenezer talked right on, unmindful of his fate,

Till midnight came, and then the clock, it sort of cleared its throat,
And looking straight in Billings' eye it fairly shrieked each note—

"Br-r-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"

Then Ebenezer roused himself and started for the door,
But halted ere he reached it just to whisper one word more,
And there he stood and talked and talked till Angelina, she—
'Twas awful!—but she wished him at the bottom of the sea!
And then—her pa appeared and brought his number 'leven feet.
Poor Mr. Billings landed in the middle of the street,
And as he rose and brushed his clothes and slowly limped away
He heard the little cuckoo clock call after him and say—
"Br-r-r-r cuck-oo!"



How Cal Was Undone

A True Tale of Dakotan Life

By FRANK B. TRACY

THE train from the east had been later even than usual and the "office" of the Sherman House was filled with fur-coated members, who were hurrying through their mail before starting up the hill for the afternoon session. Suddenly the din of voices was broken by a long whistle from the lieutenant-governor, who held up a letter and cried:

"Cal's coming here next week."

"How's that, Joe? You don't mean that old Cal is goin' to pay us a visit?" asked one of the pioneer members, and a group at once gathered about the lieutenant-governor's chair.

"Yep; no doubt of it; this letter's from him and he says he's coming with the Omaha Fair people to help boom their show."

"Well, everybody will be glad to see Cal, that's sure," mused the Medora senator. "Let's see, must be six or seven years since he was here, Dave?" appealing to the landlord.

"More'n that," was the prompt reply. "He ain't been here sence th' admission,

more'n ten year now. Glad to see him? Well, I guess yes. The best in the place won't be too good fer Cal."

Who was Cal that his coming should excite so much enthusiasm in the border capital? Nobody but a hard working newspaper man who for many years had edited the leading paper of Dakota territory, but he was blessed as the peace maker. In the fierce and bitter quarrels between the "south half," to which he belonged, and the "north half"—quarrels which resulted in the division of the territory when statehood came—he had fought bravely for his side, but had always counselled tolerance and patience, and was a shining example of those virtues. This attitude endeared him to men of all factions, even in that "stalewart time, for it often prevented terrible scenes, especially after the capital had been removed—stolen is the word they use at Yankton—to Bismarck. Cal spent only two months of the biennial session at the capital, but his coming was eagerly awaited each year, and he was

known to every man of any importance in the whole vast territory. After the division, he attended the legislative sessions of his state at Pierre. Now he had removed entirely from the state, for when the bolt came in his party in 1896 he refused to go with the bolters, they bought a controlling interest in his paper and he was compelled to resign. A position of prominence was given him in the leading daily of Iowa and, so, for the first time in twenty years, Cal was editing a paper outside the limits of Dakota.

That afternoon was spent by the older members and clerks in telling the younger ones of Cal's renown, and their stories usually closed with assurance made with shaking head, "And I tell you 'f it hadn't been fer Cal, this house would have seen some mighty lively blood-letting."

Great preparations were made to give Cal a warm official and unofficial welcome. A joint committee of the two houses was appointed to meet the Omaha Fair delegation, although all of its previous efforts to secure support had been ignored. It was a bitterly cold day when the party arrived, but the weather is no bar to pleasure in Dakota, and a large crowd gathered at the station. The committee had scarcely reached the platform of the special car at the end of the train when the door was thrown open and a tall, ruddy-faced man whose head was crowned with a sombrero rushed out and began to shout at the top of his voice:

"Hello, you old coyote, come in here. How're yuh, John, you old sinner. Glad to see you, Rastus. Here as usual, Colonel—couldn't git along without you, could they? Tickled to death to see you all. Here, let me make you acquainted with our gang"—spoken without a pause for breath. It was the same in the hotel. Many of the members, clerks and lobbyists he called by their given names and they greeted him in a way which any

man might envy. His voice kept up the high key, and his delight in his return to the scenes of twelve and fifteen years before was good to see.

"These Omaha fellows wired our Commercial Club to send a prominent business man to go with them on this trip—and they sent me. How do I stack up as a prominent business man?" he asked merrily. But the chairman of the party said to the lieutenant-governor when Cal was not near:

"It was a clear case of luck. This is our first trip of the kind, and we weren't prepared for it. There isn't a wit among us; in fact, we're a pretty prosy lot. I can't make a speech at all, and while the other fellows get off good, sensible talks, we needed some one to liven things up and send the people home in good humor. And how he has filled the bill! At St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth he was 'the whole thing,' and brought down the house again and again. He is always the same jolly, free-hearted and witty fellow, and I often wonder if he has ever known any sorrow or even serious experiences. I only wish I could live in such a world of fun. I'll bet I could sell twice as much rubber if I did."

The day steadily grew colder and wilder. The swift northwest wind swept down upon the capitol like a hawk upon a lone chick, for that building was the first object that the blast from Saskatchewan found worthy of its might. It tossed the snow across the rude path from the town to the capitol until the road was completely blocked. The toiling foot passengers and hacks on runners were compelled to return to town or take a long, circuitous route to reach the state house—as no one except a few from the East called the building. Down the long hill and across the town one could see the grim Missouri, now ice-wrapped and snow-bound, and beyond all rose the giant bluffs, cold and grand.

But that afternoon, when the two houses met in joint session in the House of Representatives, the ushers had to bring in additional seats, the gallery was packed and the audience formed a solid mass around the members' desks—a scene witnessed only when a senator was to be elected or the prohibition question was brought up. The envoys from Omaha and the president of the Board of Trade, who had gone along to help them in the Dakotas, were introduced by the lieutenant-governor and made good and interesting speeches, setting forth the claims of the Exposition and the necessity that North Dakota be represented there. But the crowd had assembled to listen to Cal, and it was with a meaning smile and a happy look that the lieutenant-governor announced that he had "saved the best wine for the last," and then called upon the "distinguished ex-Dakotan" for "one of his inimitable speeches." Thunders of applause greeted the introduction, and smiles were upon all lips ready to expand into the most uproarious laughter. It was Cal's great opportunity.

But something was the matter with Cal, that was evident.

"Why, what ails him?" whispered the speaker to the governor. "Hanged if I know," was the wondering reply, "He was in my office not twenty minutes ago as happy as a lark. Maybe he's got some bad news by wire. Never saw him look like that."

For as Cal rose to respond to the applause and made his bow, all his wonted hilarity had plainly vanished and his attempt to smile was pitifully forced. That voice which a few minutes before was heard throughout the great building, so loud, explosive and gleeful, was now subdued and broken, and had a suspicious ring as if burdened with tears. Here is what he was saying in a halting, stumbling way with frequent pauses where sobs would have escaped a weaker man:

"I'm almighty glad to see you all to-day, and I'd like to thank you . . . for your kindness in coming up here such a day . . . to see me . . . but for the first time in his life Cal has lost his nerve . . . and I feel like running away from you all to keep from making a booby of myself. Coming up here I knew every word I was going to say, but your welcome has driven everything out of my head . . . and if I do break down it will be because of your kind greeting to-day and the memories of the old times in this very room . . . Cal . . . can't forget . . . those days. . . . It seems to me now . . . that the only people I knew here were . . . good and hospitable . . . and why the recollection of them and the sight of you . . . makes me blubber this way . . . is something I can't understand . . . I didn't take to this trip at first, but when they told me they were going to Bismarck I was hungry to go . . . and I've been thinking all the time what I'd say when I got here . . . Guess I've been thinking too much about it We fellows from the south half used to hit you boys from the north half pretty hard, and there wasn't anything soft in the names we called and the way we acted. But those tiffs didn't last long, and we always got reconciled by the end of the session. And when I look over this audience and see John Haggert, Jud La Moure, Bailey Fuller, Colonel Lounsbery, Marsh Jewell and a lot of the other old boys . . . I realize that I used to fight . . . some of the best fellows . . . and noblest men that God's sun ever shone on.

"Maybe some of you remember a loss I had a few years before division . . . I didn't say anything about the matter, but of course it got into the newspapers. It was a year after that before I came up here to the legislature, but when I did . . . there wasn't a man, woman or child in the whole place, from governor down to candy girl, who didn't come up to me

and let me know in some way, by a word, a grip of the hand, or a look, that they knew of the little grave by the river and wanted to tell me that they were sorry for me . . . That's the kind of folks they had in the old days. Is it any wonder I can't forget them?"

In some way, perhaps by the mighty power of contrast, this reference to his personal loss seemed to steady and clarify Cal's utterances and brain, and he took up this new vein in an almost cheerful way.

"Down east I suppose they'd laugh at us for saying that the pioneer days are over here, and perhaps they are right in a way. But these are not pioneer days as some of us knew them, when there wasn't a hundred miles of railroad in the whole territory, when you often heard of Indian massacres, and Custer's army was scurrying over these plains. When we speak of them to strangers they sound like pretty tough times, but their hardships make them all the sweeter, and the long lonely months that intervened made these legislative sessions all the more longed for and prized.

"We had a long fight for statehood, but our triumph came at last—and never shall I forget that day, for it was the happiest of my life, when the wires told us the glad news. How we shouted and cheered, how we built bonfires on the streets, how we marched around this room singing 'America' at the top of our voices, because Uncle Sam had proclaimed our admission into the Union, and had placed two more glittering stars in the grand galaxy of the best and greatest nation on earth!"

This bit of patriotic extravaganza restored Cal to full control of himself. The last sentence brought out vociferous applause, and he went on in a happy strain, reminding his hearers that "these Dakota states, just to show that party which kept us out of statehood so long that we cherished no hard feelings, now

have in Congress three Democrats out of the four senators, and two Democrats out of the three representatives."

He was now fully launched upon a familiar but never stale theme, the glories of the state, a subject which is wholly barred from conventional and decorous eastern meetings, and paid a glowing tribute to North Dakota, "a state bigger than half a dozen other states put together; which stretches from Manitoba to the Black Hills, and from the Yellowstone to the Red; which raises the best wheat and people in the world; which contains even yet hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile free land for anybody who will only ask for it," etc., etc. He grew more and more light-hearted as he went on, not forgetting to laud the Omaha Fair in rapturous terms. The audience cheered again and again, and at the close he was overwhelmed with congratulations, and the lieutenant governor turned to the governor with a smile, saying, "Well, Frank, that was *the* speech of Cal's life."

During the opening, personal passages of the speech, many in the crowd were watching three of the old boys, men who were now senators and whose terms as members of the legislature and territorial council ran far back into the past. They were John Haggert, Bailey Fuller and Jud La Moure. The first had come to the state not many years before with nothing; now he was a "bonanza farmer" and represented the metropolis of the state at Bismarck. Sometimes he seemed to have a hard fight on his hands, but his majorities were always very large. He was big in body, heart and purse, and his generosity was great. But he went into politics to win, he said, and his opponents soon found that politically he left no stone unturned to compass their fall.

Bailey Fuller was the "big man of Jimtown"—wily, suave, polished, never losing his grip on his constituents. Oc-

casionally, through an oversight, they failed to give him as many votes as they gave his opponent, but the Senate couldn't transact business without Bailey and always blandly kicked out the man with the certificate of election and let Fuller in. Even his enemies had to admit that he always had a good case to present to the Senate. The spectator in the gallery might think that Bailey was the laziest and most worthless man in that body, but he would change his mind when Fuller's hand appeared with firm grip on many measures for the benefit of his community and section.

Jud La Moure was called "The Chief of the Pembinas" because of his stoical, Indian countenance, a tradition as to his birth and the fact that his county had once been the Pembina Indian reservation. No politician in the state had a keener intellect, no man in the Senate had such influence over the fate of a measure, no political combination was ever put through without his support, he was never known to betray emotion and his enemies declared that he had no heart.

Cal had spoken few sentences before Haggart arose quickly and with redness

visible about his eyes hurried from the room, muttering to the door keeper something about a telegram; but the door keeper said with a grin to his neighbor, "Old John is too chicken-hearted; he couldn't stand it." Fuller's face constantly twitched during the speech and he often blew his nose and moved about nervously. But those who looked in La Moure's direction could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses, for down the old stoic's cheeks coursed the tears in a constant stream, while, all unconscious of his display of emotion, he listened to Cal's talk of olden times.

After the senators had returned to their own chamber, Greene of Mandan, one of the new members and a leading stockman of the Slope, crossed the aisle, came up to La Moure, and, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, said with a chuckle:

"Jud, old boy, I never saw that fellow before, but he's a peach?! Anybody who can make such a tough old bat as you cry can have my pocketbook."

"Well," replied La Moure in a soft, husky voice and with eyes fixed on the floor, "Cal's an almighty good feller."

BOSTON, MASS



Faith

THEN chide me not, sweet love, that I have done

With joyous utterance my love for you—

The birds sing not, nor are the heavens blue

When vanished is from them their lord, the sun.

Nor is it meet that I should oft complain,

Lest aught of sadness should thy joys offend.

Let me live out my gloom unheard, dear friend,

Until the sun o'er earth shall smile again.

Nor chide me that apart I trace my way,

And send no message of my course to you.

I scarcely know what lands I wander through

And grope an unseen path, perchance astray.

But when at last our paths shall meet again.

Oh, trust me, sweet, I shall not falter then.

A Search for Spring

By VERNE ALLEN WASHER

STRAIGHT east, day after day, the wind blows fair;
Straight east, and the wine of Spring is in the air,
Mounts in the sluggish blood, and thrills the brain
With all the wild unrest and rapturous pain
Of half-formed thoughts and half-dreamed dreams, that seem
To be far more than merely thought or dream—
The vague desire to be attuned to all
Of Nature's harmonies; to rise and fall
In even cadence with the pulsing beat
Of Springtime's song; to watch the fairy feet
Of dancing April lightly tripping o'er
The swaying grass; to rise and fly before
The flying wind; to mount on airy wings
To where the feathered songster soars and sings;
To be at one with all that buds or blows
Or breathes, though it be bird or wind or rose.

Straight east, as blows the wind, my thoughts fly far;
Straight east, with flight that knows no bound or bar;
Beyond the mountains where the day is born,
Beyond the pastures where the steeds of Morn
Feed through the night, beyond the gates that swing
Into the field of space, I seek the Spring.
But wander where I will, I find her not;
Before me e'er she flees, and mocks my hot,
Impetuous haste. Not thus, she seems to say,
Should prayers be formed by those whose hearts would pray
To Nature. So I turn and tread once more
The narrow ways of earth, and lo, before
Me stands a being radiant as light,
Around whose lissome form the blossoms white
In trailing, fragrant splendor droop and cling,
And at her feet I kneel, my fair Queen Spring.

DETROIT, MICH.

The Gentleman From Germany

By FRANK PUTNAM

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia—Doctor Hohenzollern since he visited Harvard and received a degree from President Eliot—in leaving American shores has taken with him the heartiest good will of the American people. His position seemed at first glance to be a most difficult one—not merely in a gastronomic sense, though the program of eating and drinking that faced him when he reached this side was sufficient to appall any but the stoutest stomach—but even more because of the fact that he, a scion and representative of an almost absolute monarch, was to be the guest of the

greatest, if not the most democratic, republic on earth.

The Prince proved his knowledge of democracy by practicing it: indeed, in this respect, he set an example to many of his entertainers, whose extravagant expenditures in his behalf must have seemed to him an effort to ape the manners of royalty, rather than an expression of the simple hospitality of a free, rich, proud people.

But the distinguished visitor's 3,500 miles flying swing around the circle—east, west and south—was not altogether an eating and drinking trip. There were

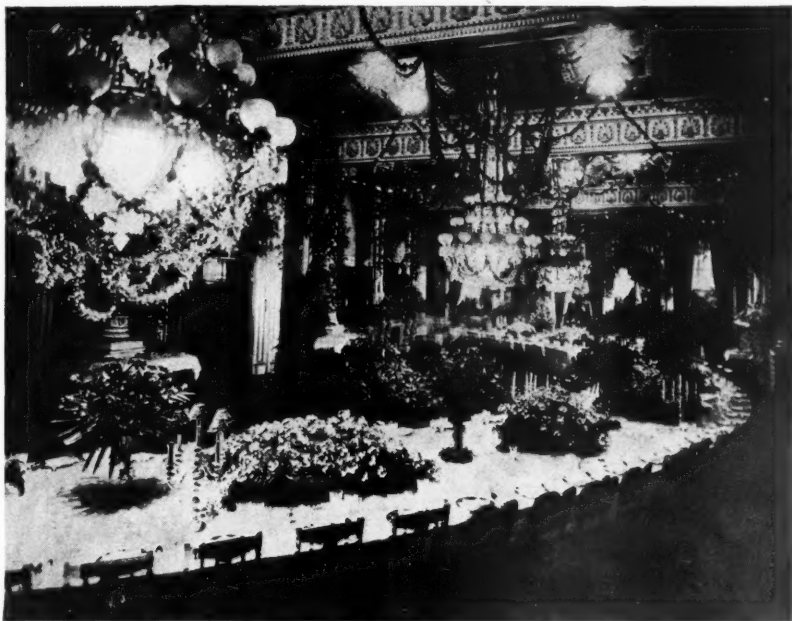
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, PRINCE HENRY, AMBASSADOR VON HOLLEBEN AND MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE KAISER'S YACHT "METEOR"

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.



—and notably in Boston (in accordance, larger cities of the East. But he is convinced, nevertheless, that considering it might be said, with the traditions of

THE TABLE DECORATIONS FOR THE DINNER GIVEN PRINCE HENRY AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Photo Copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.



the city),—hours devoted to an interchange of good fellowship on a higher and nobler plane than that represented by dinners at \$100 the plate, and by gorgeously liveried servants. On these occasions the Prince bore himself like a man and a gentleman. His speeches, short and direct, were marked by tact and sincerity. At the close of his tour he made, through his secretary, the following statement:

"His Royal Highness is very much pleased with his trip into the interior of the United States. He is fully aware of the fact that he had only only a very superficial glimpse of a very small portion of the United States, and that he might perhaps have used his time to greater advantage had he remained in one of the

the character of his mission, the trip was the right thing for him to do. In making it he has obtained a very fair idea of the vastness of the country and its resources, which the capital of the United States, and the great commercial centres of the East could not have given him.

"But more than this impression he values the hearty welcome which he met in all the places he went through, a welcome that showed him how the people of the United States everywhere understood and appreciated the intention of the German Emperor in sending him here.

"The Prince made a speech in St. Louis in which he said he regretted not having been able always to express his thanks to those who greeted him at the

railway stations, or who otherwise desired to show him their respects.

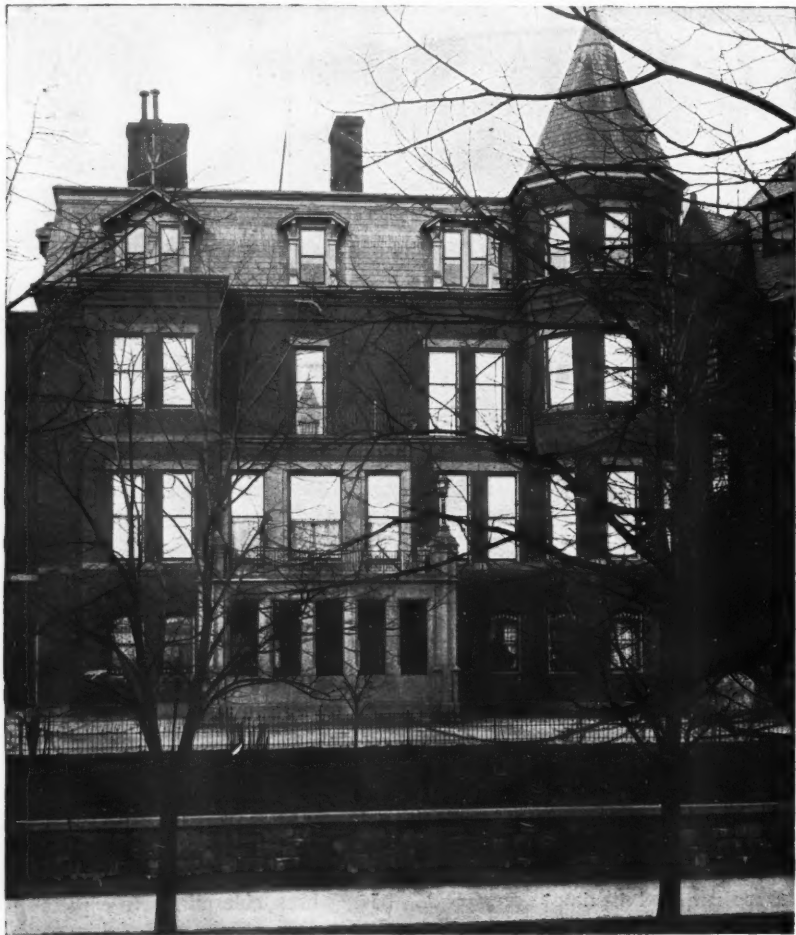
"He wishes to have the intent of that speech conveyed to all those who in the course of the trip gave him such a cordial reception, and especially he wishes to express his thanks to those who, early in the morning when he was not prepared and still in bed, welcomed him with music and cheers.

"The receptions by the great cities of

the South and the middle West were more than he ever had expected and so were the receptions in the East. But his Royal Highness is equally thankful for what the smaller places did in showing him their good will, though the train in such places stopped only a few minutes and frequently not at all.

"Altogether, the prince is most gratified by his trip and shall never forget how the American people everywhere

A VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, WHERE PRINCE HENRY WAS LODGED WHILE AT THE AMERICAN CAPITAL



met him with hospitality and sympathy."

Personally, the Prince has made the most pleasant impression upon those who

trained seaman. There is not an ounce of fat on his frame, it is said, and he always enjoys the most excellent health.

A VIEW OF THE JAPANESE ROOM OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

Photo copyrighted, 1900, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.



have met him. Beyond this, he has won for himself and for his country—it would be stretching politeness to say “for his sovereign or the principles under which his sovereign rules”—a larger and more sympathetic friendship on the part of the whole people of the United States. I find a typical expression of this feeling in the following editorial in the Des Moines “Register:”

“Prince Henry, who is now the honored guest of the American people, is a large man, physically as well as mentally, and his mind is as broad as his shoulders. Standing a half inch over six feet tall, the prince weighs 182 pounds and has the rugged sinews of a

That is why he was perfectly at home when our Rough Rider hero, the President, asked him to go out horseback riding in a rain storm. Atmospheric conditions do not bother men who are made of such stuff.

“Prince Henry had a good education in the liberal arts and is an expert in anything nautical from ancient naval battles to holystoning decks. Following the custom of his family, he learned a trade when a youth, being apprenticed as a watchmaker so that if necessary he could now make a living as an expert in that trade. He speaks English fluently and handles the French tongue without an accent; while Spanish, Italian, Rus-

THE PET OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY, THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF COUNT QUADT, FIRST SECRETARY
Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.



MR. VON HOLLEBEN, AMBASSADOR OF GERMANY TO THE UNITED STATES

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

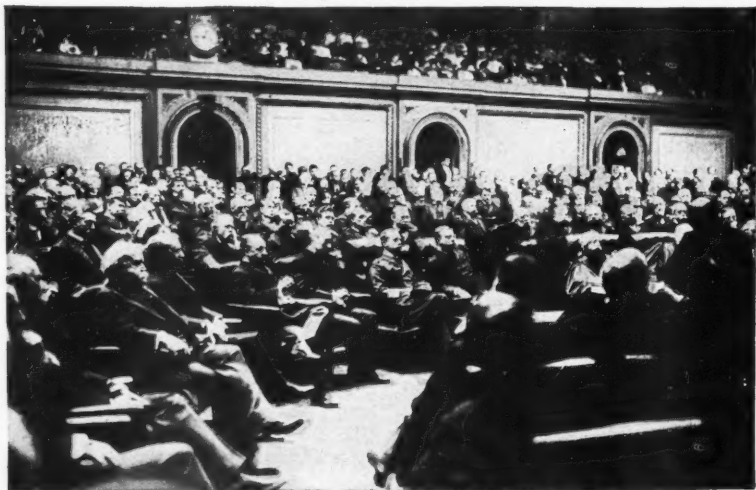


sian and Swedish he can read and write well, and in speaking can make himself well understood. Unlike the great majority of royalty, he made a love match, and though it was opposed by the diplomats, he had his way and married his choice. He has been a faithful and

loving husband and never has the breath of scandal tainted his name. The prince drinks beer, wine and whiskey when he chooses, but never to excess, and believes that every other man has the right to do the same. Sometimes he plays cards for money, but never so heavily as to involve

PRINCE HENRY, THE GUEST OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN WASHINGTON, LISTENING TO SECRETARY HAY'S EULOGY OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, DELIVERED IN THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FEBRUARY 27

From a photo made for the "National" by the Illustrated Press Association



his opponents beyond their immediate means. Cigars and cigarettes he smokes, but the pipe he never uses. A great, strong, rollicking, broad minded, cultured and refined man of the times, he is almost good enough to be an American; and that, you understand, is the

the story goes—at the banquet given him by the millionaires of New York, his neighbor at table asked him how he was enjoying his visit. "Fine," he said. "I am having the time of my life. You people over here seem to think that I amount to something, but the only use

AMERICAN AND GERMAN COLORS SIDE BY SIDE, BORNE BY THE COLOR GUARDS IN THE WASHINGTON PARADE HELD IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT

From a photo made for the "National" by the Illustrated Press Association



greatest compliment that can be paid any man."

In this fashion the "Register" states, not alone why the Prince Henry is popular and strong, but the qualities that have within a half century lifted Germany from the rank of a second rate confederation to her present position as an equal among the four foremost powers of the earth.

The prince is a shrewd first hand observer. His terse, quick comments upon what he saw and heard were often as wise as they were witty. For example—

they have for me at home is to send me to funerals."

On another occasion the inevitable question, "What do you think of America?" was put to him. He replied: "The crowds on the streets impressed me most. Their faces indicated, it seems to me, activity and ambition not dulled by too much contentment, yet not marred by discontent. Is not this the balance that makes your people so happy and so powerful? The people are inspiring, if I may judge from the glimpses I have had of them."

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON OF LYNN, MASS.

Mr. Hutchinson is the last survivor of the famous Hutchinson family of singers, who stirred the North during war times by their singing of patriotic ballads. He has just passed his eighty-first birthday, and is one of the grand old men of an era lately closed.



John W. Hutchinson

By FREDERICK J. ALLEN

STRONG singer in an epoch past,
Sweet singer left alone at last
To show the world the type of men
Who roused the North with voice and pen;

Thine be a grateful people's praise
In keeping with thy length of days,
And thine unbounded gratitude
For right enthroned and wrong subdued.

Thy childhood home I see again,
The stately mansion, field, and glen,
The fair Souhegan flowing on
As in the centuries long gone;

Above, the arching skies of God;
Around, the paths thy feet have trod,
In dreamful days of youth's sweet morn
When hopes of high emprise were born.

There life was beautiful and pure;
There dwelt the virtues that endure,
Firm as the granite hills that stand
Around that home on every hand.

Thee and thy brothers, singers all,
God called with an o'ermastering call,
And made His gift to serve His will
In songs that thrill men's bosoms still.

In quiet town, in busy mart,
Ye sang the sweet songs of the heart,
Of human sympathy and cheer,
Of human brotherhood's fair year.

Ye sang the birthright of the race,
Soul liberty in every place;
The shame of shackles on men's hands
And Freedom's blessings on the lands.

Once heroes's brows were laurel bound;
Your service God with honor crowned,
And in his time the era came
Of country one in law and name.

Strong singer in an epoch past,
Sweet singer left alone at last
To show the world the type of men
Who roused the North with voice and pen;

Thine be unbounded gratitude
For right enthroned and wrong subdued,
And thine a grateful peoples's praise
In keeping with thy length of days.

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

—
WHERE'S Johnny Bostonbeans? Six months in the Hub and I haven't seen him yet.

—
Are you going to see the coronation?

—
Or will you go to Cuba when the new Republic raises its flag?

—
The money will flock to London; the hopes of the human race will find best expression at Havana.

—
Kings are relics of the dark ages. No people that supports a royal court can claim to be civilized.

A man who doctored Roosevelt when he had fever in Cuba says the best classes of the Cuban whites will revolt when Palma takes the presidency. The same best classes didn't like George Washington, either.

—
Now let some petulant brother protest against using the two names in one paragraph.

—
John L. Sullivan says it hurts his conscience to play Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

—
W. T. Stead says Legree is known by

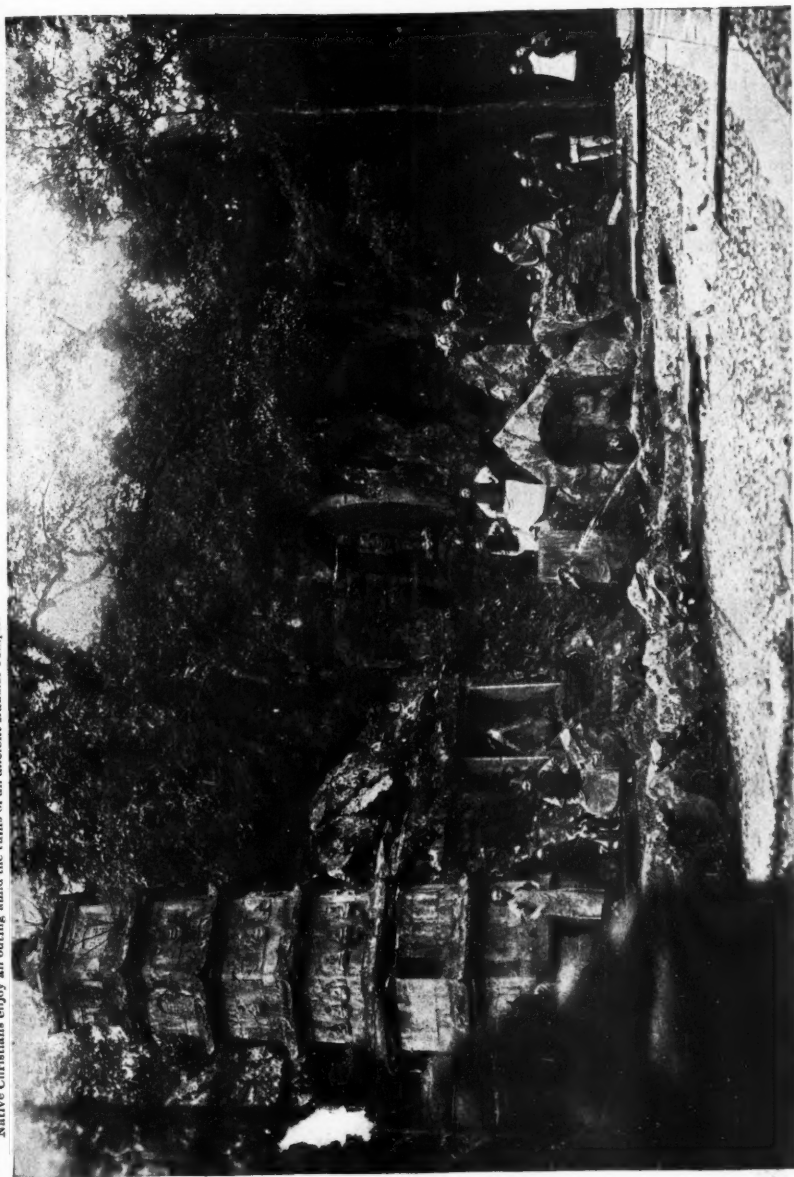
CECIL RHODES' HOUSE IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

From a photograph made for the "National"



THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW WORLD AT WORK IN INTERIOR CHINA
Native Christians enjoy an outing amid the ruins of an ancient Buddhist Temple.

From a photograph made for the "National."



THE LATE JOHN CHAPPLE, THE "NATIONAL'S" OLDEST SUBSCRIBER

This venerable man was in his 103d year when, in February, 1902, he died at his home in Walton-on-Thames, England. In that home he was born, there he dwelt all the days of his long life, and from its doors he was borne to rest in the churchyard. This portrait was taken in the grounds of his home, during the summer two years ago. He held in his hand a copy of the "National," in which, as the product of his grandsons' enterprise, he was deeply interested. Mr. Chapple knew William Makepeace Thackeray and other men now famous, and would on occasion recall their ways and words.



name to more Englishmen than any of our Presidents except Washington and Lincoln.

Have you seen our full length portrait of George Ade elsewhere in this number? Looks the part, doesn't he.

They say the scenery is finer along the Nicaraguan Canal route than on the Panama. Also the chances for land speculation.

Eugene Field's widow — naturally enough—feels hurt by Slason Thomp-

B. B. HERBERT, EDITOR OF THE "PRINTER-JOURNALIST"

People who never loved Mark Hanna will think better of him for calling down his puckery old comrade, Morgan of Alabama.

Harry Cleveland, one of the best-equipped all 'round journalists in America, writes me that Chicago's Council has decided to refer all street railway deals to the voters for approval. These things in Chicago used to be settled by a gang of aldermanic gambling-house keepers in dark lantern conference with a group of millionaire franchise grabbers. All the people between these extremes had to do was to foot the bills, harp on to their straps and swear. Chicago is coming.

Bought your garden seeds yet?

Scudday Richardson of Texas, and New Orleans is the only publicly avowed imperialist in America, and he wants to be poet laureate.

son's knockabout biography of Field, reviewed in the March "National." The books are in dreadfully bad taste, and are awfully good reading.

Thompson's retort was the sort you would expect from a man who would write the kind of books he does.



Editor Joe Leveque of the New Orleans "Harlequin" is simply demanding that Louisiana elect Congressman Broussard her next governor.

Speaking of Leveque reminds me that he wants the Filipinos, the Boers and everybody to be free and full citizens of some country or other, except the nine million negroes of our southern states. He thinks they will be able to get along without voting.

The worst of this whole Filipino enterprise is that it gives us another of those color prejudice lines that make otherwise able and good men blind in the night.

A Montana man of my name, writing in the March "National," classed Lowell and Field among our minor poets. I beg to differ. A poet has finally to be judged by the distance he carries. Lowell has carried around the world and back again. Next to Longfellow, he is the most widely read of all the American poets and is doing more good every year of his life.

Of course you understand a man is not dead until he is forgotten.

Not a nickle of Andrew Carnegie's ten million dollar "national university" donation goes into buildings. It isn't to be a university, but a fund. It will fill a gap in the American educational program by helping men and women engaged in original research.

They say the beggars make Carnegie's life a burden to him.

No other American has ever given away \$80,000,000.

But a good many other Americans gave their lives to save the flag and the government under which Andrew Carnegie

made the \$80,000,000, while he was making it.

A man cannot really give anything but himself. Carnegie gives himself when he spends days and nights planning how to do the most good with the millions he is handing back to the people.

Do you get as much pleasure out of a borrowed magazine as from one you pay for?

There's nothing a publisher likes better, my colleague Chapple tells me, than to feel that his magazine is read and passed along until a dozen or a score have enjoyed its text and studied its ads. But—he had a "but"—a publisher also has a peculiar notion that you can't enjoy a borrowed magazine as well as a boughten one. There may be a fine point of human nature in this. If any reader of the "National" has an opinion to offer, I'll print it.

Billy Flaherty, one of the "National's" office boys, says Henry George is the only really big man we have bred in this country since Lincoln. Billy has never heard of Walt Whitman or Elbert Hubbard.

Tell us what you don't like—or what you see in it that you don't like—or what you see in it that you don't like—or what you don't see in it that you want—in the "National." Every man is a stockholder and should demand his rights. Send all disagreeable letters to Mr. Chapple; send the pleasant ones to me.

Read W. T. Stead's "Americanization of the 'he first half of it, any man has an experience. Stead says the United States will have to absorb England and her colonies—make them states in the Union. He thinks we might let the

PORTRAIT OF MRS. PAXTON, BY WILLIAM PAXTON

This portrait was one of the centres of interest at the annual exhibition of the Copley Society of Boston, which was opened the evening of February 27, in Copley Hall, with a private view. It was a triumph of romance—as well as of art—that Mr. Paxton should have “arrived,” in the art sense of the term, in the painting of this portrait of his beautiful wife.



English keep their royal toys, it being understood that these should have none but local application. This is magnificent, but it is not English.

Professor Hugo von Munsterberg of Germany, seven years engaged at Harvard, where he works in the philosophy department, has written a book of German impressions of America. His philosophy seems to be on a par with his facts.

Stead says in his book that Australia may become a German continent. He says the four and a half million English-speaking people camped on the rim of the island have a birth rate almost as low as France's, and that at the rate German immigrants are pouring in these will presently outnumber the English.

I believe the Federal government, having taken over enough big wealth producing agencies to keep its coffers full, ought to pay a pension to the mother for every child born within its borders. Women have the bulk of the world's painful, tedious and unromantic work to do; the least a man-government could do for them, in common decency, is to guarantee every mother against the chance of want for herself and her children. The poor house plan is a clumsy bungle. Motherhood should be made a badge of honor—not a menace of doubled misery. I would like to hear from the "National's" women readers on this subject.

Mr. Uncle Billy Smith, 55, bachelor, smoker, reader, philosopher, cobbler, tells me there have been only three real poets since the books were opened. These, he says, are Christ, Shakespeare and Whitman.

All the other so-called poets, he says, are echoes of these. He says Whitman

will have as many echoes as either of the other two in 500 years from now.

When Uncle Billy puts a half sole on, he does it right. You get your money's worth.

Uncle Billy has some queer ideas about things.

Whether we know it or not, he says, we are all making our own heaven, and we are making it right here on this earth. I never, he says, insisted on having a hell; but I can see that it has its good uses. It was—and still is—a necessary part of the conservative force we call the church. It holds back a lot of men who couldn't be restrained by anything but fear.

I can't conceive of God, he says, and I don't try. I see natural laws at work. I see poets pointing out new fields, inventors and scientists exploring and seizing them, the masses of the people moving in to occupy them, and I see religion—the church—helping them hold what they have gained.

That's the order of the procession, he says, the poet, the scientist and inventor, the people, the church. The poet and the scientist are the vanguard, the church the rear-guard. The poet finds the path, the inventor builds a road on it, the multitude pass and the church closes up the rear.

The only thing the upper Mississippi Valley states have to show for our campaign of conquest in the Philippines is a smallpox epidemic, several thousand vacant chairs and the receipts for their share of the war taxes.

The party at my left says the best reward for these sacrifices is the new proof that we are still breeding brave and

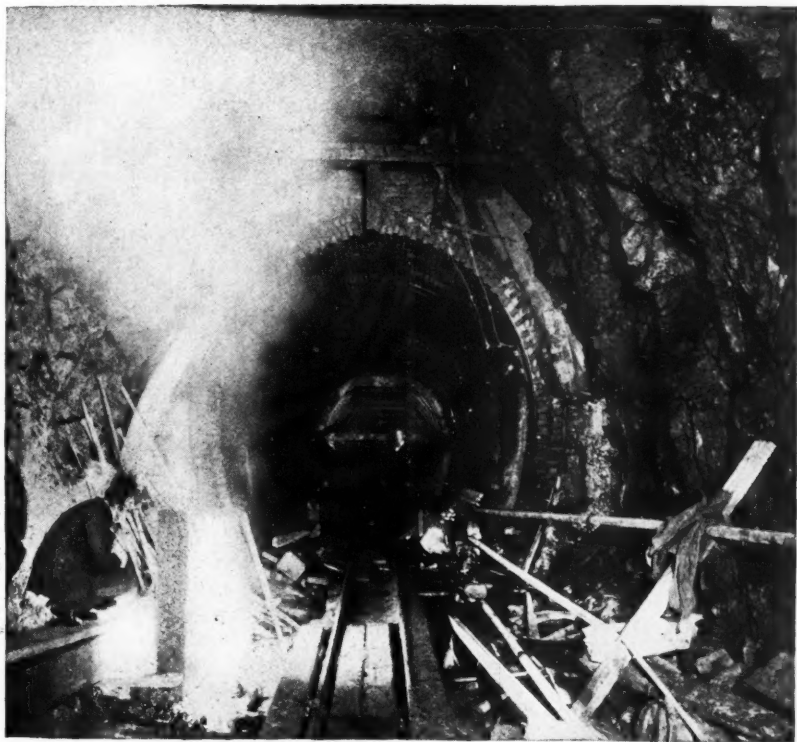
patriotic young men. True—but what a price to pay for knowledge we already possessed!

Rear Admiral Schley tells me that his

and not one of the victims has demanded his money back; naturally, I am well pleased with this glorious record. A trap door in the ceiling of my bed room opens to a sort of garret, and I shall

BOSTON'S WAY OF DOING THINGS

This picture shows a section of the new sewer which the Metropolitan District of Boston is constructing through the town of Milton. At the point where the photograph was taken the workmen were tunneling through granite at a depth of fifty feet. An expensive job, but it will last.



favorite poem is "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Henry D. Muir, the Chicago poet, whose second privately published volume, "Songs and Other Fancies," was mentioned and quoted from in the March "National," writes to me from his bachelor cabin at Gross Point, Illinois, saying: "My book has been out some six weeks. I have succeeded in selling seven copies

probably pile the remainder of the edition in that space and await developments. Truly mine may be called the 'Attic Muse!'"

Muir is rich beyond the dreams of Rockefeller. Master of simple plenty, under his own roof, on his own ground, kin and fellow of the finest spirits of all the ages. His new book contains one poem, "Mary Magdalene," of classic

beauty and majesty. After reading it I felt as if I had been within a great cathedral and had heard noble music. It may

be neglected to-day, amid an environment ignorant of its quality and its portent, but it belongs to the future and to

AN EASTER GREETING FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH

The lovely little children whose faces are shown in this picture are Dorothy and Rita Moran, of Atlanta, Georgia. They are the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Moran, and nieces of the late Hon. Pascal J. Moran, assistant editor of the "Constitution," whose recent death deprived the South of one of its ablest and most brilliant journalists. Mrs. Moran posed her babies for an Easter greeting to their grandmamma, with the delightful results you see before you.



the world. It should be taken out of its present setting amid merely pretty small songs and witty allegories, and be made a volume apart.

The David Harum theory is rotten at its core. "Do others," etc. Book and play entertain the thoughtless, but poison the springs of life.

There is no God but God so far as we know; and Christ is His best prophet, down to date. The Golden Rule is still good gospel—the best gospel we have.

With eggs selling at sixty cents a dozen in Boston, the little red hen has every reason to be proud.

John Stapleton Cowley-Brown of London has revived his "Goose Quill" in

HENRY D. MUIR AND HIS DOG JACK ON A SUMMER DAY AT GROSS POINT



the Auditorium Tower at Chicago. Brown seems to be staying in Chicago because he despises the place. The

LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO H. H. KOHLSAAT BY THE STAFF OF THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD



February "Goose Quill" reprints Rosetti's "Jenny," sizes up "The Man of East Aurora" pretty accurately, I should judge, and prints some other personal matter, including a scurrile fling at John McGovern, a gentleman and a scholar, who once offended the unforgiving Brown. Brown is the terrible infant of

American journalism. He has brains, courage and a splendid stock of prejudices. His little magazine will either shock you, or delight you, or both.

Clinton Scollard has made what purports to be a novel. The book is called—I forget what it is called, but 'tis no matter.

"Audrey" is a cruel story—a cruel story. As cruel as life. It comes to the eye with a curious sense of impropriety, almost of sacrilege, that this tragedy is expected to come quickly into the list of "best selling books"—merchandise, a thing to be hawked in the market place, to be named for the money it shall gain for author and publisher. Mary Johnston is a genius. She has given the world another of those immortal poignant sorrows—ennobling to the beholder, it may be, but infinitely pitiful.

In late December, in a farm house far away in the Northwest Territory of Canada, a woman closed her eyes upon this world and passed to the life everlasting. A woman strangers might think plain. Her speech simple, unadorned. Her horizon bounded by the welfare of her family and friends. She knew sorrow. She was patient, gentle, brave, generous, kind, faithful. Her steadfast faith in the goodness of Almighty God sustained her in life and was with her in death. The wild flowers will bloom and wave in the free breezes of Summer sweeping over her lonely grave in that far north-land; they will whisper to her, sleeping, divine assurances of resurrection; they will chant above her Nature's song: "Rest, weary one, rest, for the morn cometh soon."

A writer in the March "Chatauquan" declares it is Kaiser Wilhelm's ambition to bring Austria, Holland and Scandinavia within the German Empire.

Further, this writer says that Wilhelm foresees an inevitable struggle with Russia—the Slav glacier—for existence in Central Europe. This writer credits Wilhelm with having set Russia against Britain on the Asiatic frontiers, and France, Russia's ally, against Britain in Egypt, thus obtaining for his own country time to grow and strengthen on land and sea. The assertion is made that Wilhelm has his eye on territory in South America, which he will not hesitate to seize should opportunity offer. The inference is conveyed that the Kaiser hopes to dispute with the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon the privilege and honor of dominating the earth. W. T. Stead, as noted elsewhere, warns England that there is more than a possibility that Australia may become a German continent, and some of the ablest leaders of the Scandinavian peoples, dreading the menace of Russian rule, hold the belief that they must sooner or later ask either an alliance with their cousins in the German Empire, or inclusion within its boundaries.

Will the Kaiser's people fall heir to German Austria when the tottering fabric of the Hapsburg empire falls?

Late statistical reports contain the startling statement that thirty per cent of England's 27,000,000 people are living below the poverty line—that they lack the mere necessities of decent and healthful food and shelter. Might not the billion dollars expended in murdering two African republics have been more wisely laid out in efforts to remedy these frightful conditions at home? Or is it true that foreign wars—wars of conquest—are usually conducted to attract attention from home wrongs?

Prince Henry appears to have grasped the main idea in the great reception which the American people have given

him, *i. e.*, that the American right hand of fellowship was extended, not to the monarchical ideal, but to the German people. Yet it would be unfair to deny that the monarchical idea has been of very great benefit to America. It has driven to our shores tens of millions of strong, liberty loving men and women, who have become flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, and have helped America to win her present position of absolute leadership among the nations.

—

This debt America has repaid by liberalizing the conditions of life everywhere under the sun.

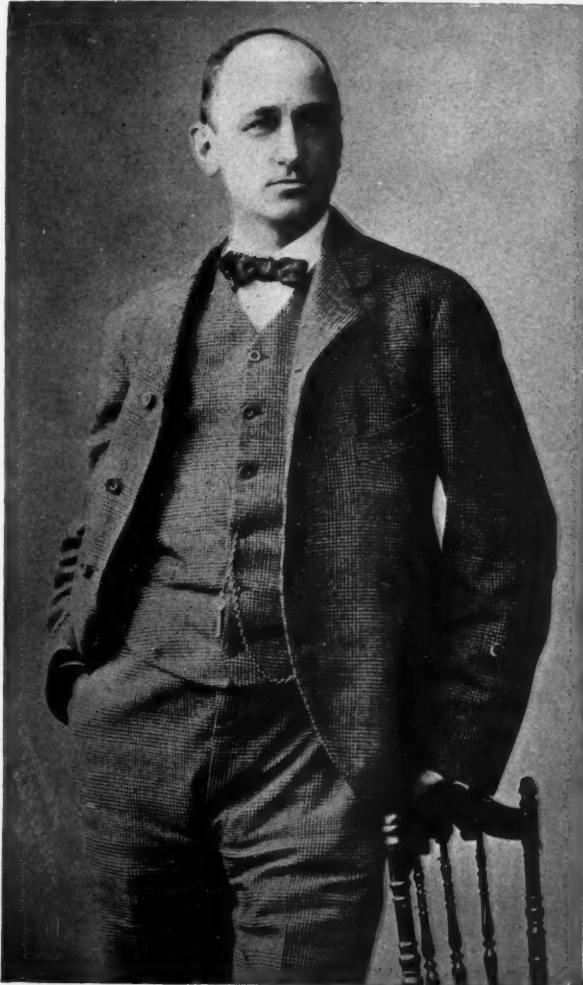
—

It is a pleasure to announce the birth of a new magazine of genuine merit—"Wisdom," edited by John Forster Benyon. "Wisdom," which issues from the Winthrop Building, Boston, is a handsome, compact publication of sixty-four pages—very entertaining pages they are, too. The leading article is a sketch of the career of Abraham Lincoln, by Hon. Joseph H. Choate, American ambassador to Great Britain. This paper is writ large and is illumined with elo-

quence. Other contents are new and pleasing portraits of persons of current prominence, personal notes, stories, really good poetry, art and stage articles, etc. And all for two cents! Folly is proverbially expensive. Wisdom, it

B. B. CROWNINSHIELD OF BOSTON

Mr. Crowninshield is one of America's most successful naval architects. He designed the "Independence," Thomas W. Lawson's American cup candidate, which many observers felt did not receive an adequate trial. He is also the designer of the first seven masted schooner, now in course of construction at a yard near Boston, and of scores of other vessels great and small.



appears, is cheaper than other luxuries.

Mr. F. H. Newell, chief hydrographer in the United States Geological Survey at Washington, was a caller at the offices of the "National" a fortnight ago. An exceedingly valuable public servant—one of those intellectual-practical men who devote large powers and utmost devotion to the public service, at salaries much smaller than they could command in private life. Mr. Newell has been a potent factor in the awakening of public

interest in the beneficent project of national irrigation. By the way, his portrait, published in a recent number of the "National," does him grave injustice. Mr. Newell has just grounds for action against his photographer.

If Cuba wants free trade with us, she will have to join the family.

The staff of the Chicago "Record-Herald" presented a handsome silver loving cup to H. H. Kohlsaat on the

occasion of his retirement from active management of that paper. The gift was well bestowed. Mr. Kohlsaat's daring as a publisher was equalled only by his fine consideration for his associates. He helped make McKinley president, put Lyman J. Gage into the cabinet and distinctly raised the standard of American journalism.

My friend, Daniel W. Church of Greenfield, Iowa, a very shrewd, wise, thoughtful American, writes:

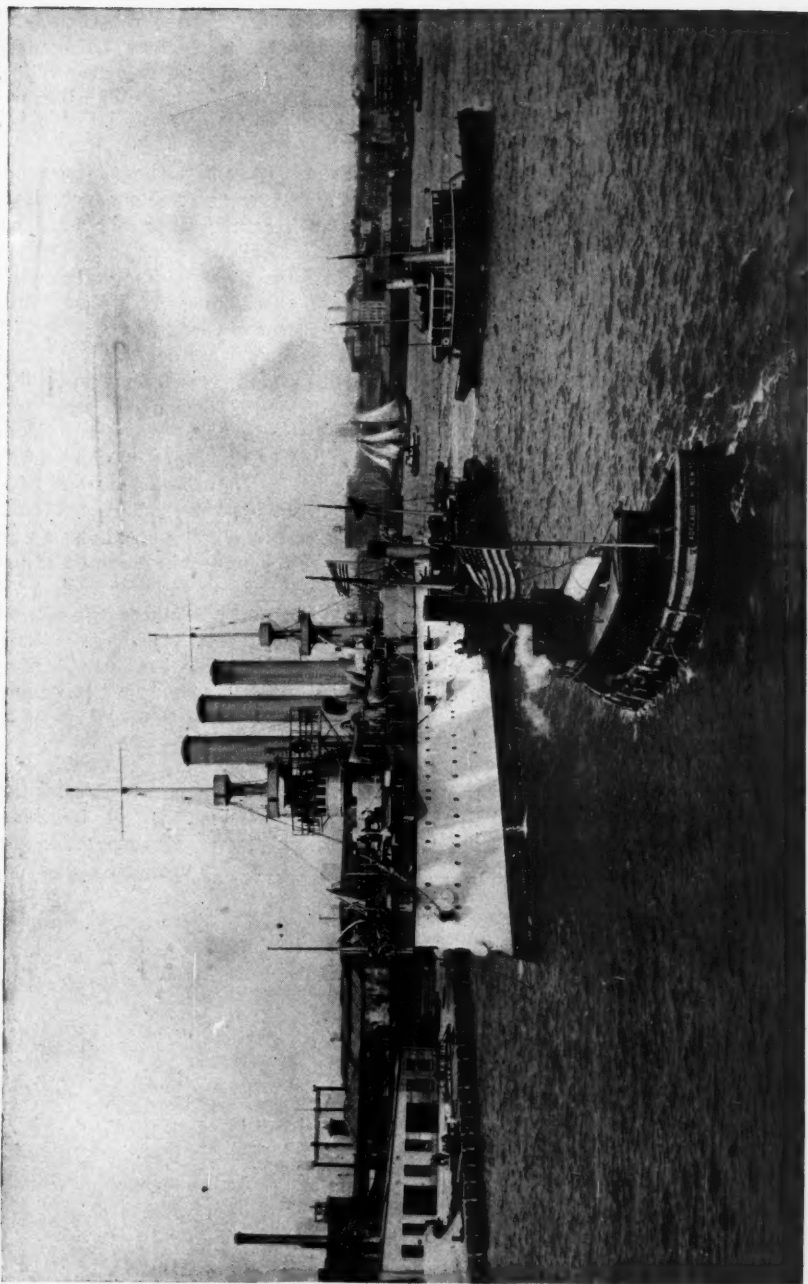
"I always looked upon Kipling as a barbarian, and barbarians are only interesting when young, and at play as children. The moment they become grown people and try to do a man's part, their barbarism

ERNEST MCGAFFEY OF CHICAGO, POET, LAWYER AND PUBLIC OFFICIAL



SCHLEY'S OLD CRUISER THE "BROOKLYN," COMING INTO THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD TO BE DOCKED

Photo by Enrique Muller



comes out, and they are disappointing. I have thought that Kipling did

TALBOT C. DEXTER, SECRETARY OF THE DEXTER FOLDING COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE DEXTER FOLDING MACHINES, ON WHICH THE "NATIONAL" IS PREPARED FOR BINDING



not create 'The Recessional,' that he simply reported it. That it expresses

not the feeling that was in his own heart, but in the hearts of others. There is no personal element in it. It is an echo of the feeling of others and not an expression of his own."

Ernest McGaffey, the Chicago poet and lawyer, was singled out for pleasant honors recently, when the President, like Mr. McGaffey an ardent sportsman, invited the poet to dine at the White House. Mr. McGaffey's first volume was "Poems of Gun and Rod," and it is reported that Mr. Roosevelt holds these shooting and fishing songs in high regard. Mr. McGaffey's other published works are: "Poems," Dodd, Mead & Co., 1895; "Poems of the Town," Badger & Co., 1900, and "Sonnets to a Wife," William Marion Reedy, St. Louis, 1901. The poet holds a lucrative position under the administration of Mayor Harrison, and was recently, he writes, off on a Southern trip with the County Democracy. This is the limit—a Chicago poet in a plug hat! The Press Club should at once appoint a committee of investigation.

Dr. Shaw presents an admirable editorial review of German-American relations in the opening pages of his March American "Review of Reviews."

A FRENCH ADVERTISER'S TESTIMONIAL TO THE EFFICACY OF THE "NATIONAL'S" ADVERTISING PAGES



Studies of Books and Their Makers

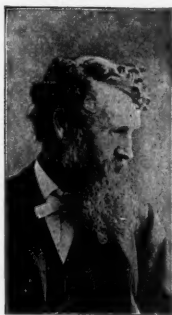
Fiction and Politics

THE month just closed has brought to my table two books of superlative interest—"Audrey," a novel, and "The Americanization of the World," a study of the trend of modern civilization.

"Audrey" is the work of Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "To Have and To Hold." The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., were so sure of the success of the new novel that they prepared a first edition of 125,000 copies. "Audrey" is a story of eighteenth century Virginia, when the Appalachian mountains marked the line between coast colonization and the wilderness; when

English governors ruled a people gay and prosperous at the top, holding slaves at the bottom of the social fabric—not black slaves only, but white as well, these latter being men deported from the mother country for political and other crimes. Upon this background of a past almost if not quite given over to the antiquarian, Miss Johnston has painted with the brush of genius pictures of the life of that far day. She has created amid these scenes a character as lovely and as infinitely sad as any heroine in all fiction. Putting aside the adventitious aid of publishers' "pushing," this novel was certain to become a classic; granting to it the assistance of most skillful exploitation, in this age of advertising, it is so fine a work that its quick and general acceptance by the reading public is the highest possible compliment to that public's taste.

JOHN MUIR, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "OUR NATIONAL PARKS," IS JUST NOW UNDER DISCUSSION



This is the era of large editions: some of these are occasions for regret rather than for rejoicing. It is to be hoped, and fairly to be expected, that "Audrey" will be more widely read than any other American novel of our generation.

"The Americanization of the World" is the masterpiece of its author, the famous English journalist, W. T. Stead. Its views are amazingly far-sighted, broad, comprehensive, prophetic. Many of its propositions seem dynamic, revolutionary, at first glance. But on closer examination, the reader perceives the central truth in each of them. Take up sentences at random and you get the taste of this remarkable book:

"As the creation of the Americans is the greatest achievement of our race, there is no reason to resent the part the Americans are playing in fashioning the world in their image, which, after all, is substantially the image of our selves."

"As it was through the Christian church that the monotheism of the Jew conquered the world, so it may be through the Americans that the English ideals expressed in the English language may make the tour of the planet."

"Seeing we can never again be the first, standing alone, we should lose no time in uniting our fortunes with those that have passed us in the race."

"The Nineteenth century unified Italy and Germany. Will the twentieth unify the English-speaking race?"

"Why should not we of the older stock

propose to make amends for the folly of our ancestors by recognizing that the hegemony of the race has passed from

CHARLES TOWNSEND OF WEEDSPORT, N. Y., ONE
THE "NATIONAL'S" STORY TELLERS AND A
SUCCESSFUL PLAYRIGHT



Westminster to Washington, and proposing to federate the Empire and the Republic on whatever terms may be arrived at, after discussion, as a possible basis for the reunion of the race?"

Mr. Stead traces the advance of American ideas and American products in all quarters of the globe, tells how the advance is made and specifies its results, and cites an amazing number of authorities, from Andrew Carnegie to Cecil Rhodes, to testify to the soundness of the great plan which he sketches in this book. Maps and tables give point to the text, drive home its conclusions with a more impressive force. The work is fundamentally Christian. It pleads for peace and against war. It shows us the next step to be taken in the federation of the world, the abolition of king-

craft and the triumph of democracy. Every American should read it.

Arthur McIlroy

Riley's Newest Dedication

"Inscribed with all grateful esteem to the good old fashioned people," writes James Whitcomb Riley, by way of dedication to his 1901 volume — "Riley Farm-Rhymes," and on the next page this poetic prelude:

The deadnin' and the thicket jes' a bilin'
full o' June,
From the rattle o' the cricket to the
yellow-hammer's tune;
And the cat-bird in the bottom and the
sap-suck on the snag,
Seems 's ef they cain't—od-rot-'em—jes'
do nothin' else but brag.

There's music in the twitter o' the black-
bird and the jay,

WILLARD DILLMAN OF REVILLO, S. D., WHO IS CONTRIBUTING A SERIES OF PRAIRIE TALES TO THE
"NATIONAL"



And that sassy little critter jes' a-peck-
ing' all the day;

There's music in the "flicker," and
there's music in the thrush,
And there's music in the snicker o' the
chipmunk in the brush.—

There's music all around me.—And I
go back—in a dream
Sweeter yet than ever found me fast
asleep:—And, in the stream
That used to split the medder wher' the
dandy lions grewed,
I stand knee-deep and redder than the
sunset down the road.

The same old indispensable Riley
—God bless him! Edwin Markham flies
his banner in the air of lofty thought—
down about Brooklyn; McGaffey
tunes his lyre to
praise of "Cecile"
in sonnets of classic
beauty, out Chi-
cago-way; down in
New Orleans Henry
Rightor, a clean cut
genius with a dash
of Heine and a
streak of Poe in
him, is poetizing in
a way new to our
letters; my little
brown friend Yone
Noguchi, of the
Pacific coast and
New York city, is
preparing a volume
of his unique nature
chants—and Nixon
Waterman of
"Right 'Round
Boston" is develop-
ing a quality which
marks him as the
successor of Dr.
Holmes—so you
may see that the
new generation of
American poets is
not the mere vague
abstraction that
some of the dys-

peptic reviewers would have us be-
lieve it. And then, there is Riley, the
laureate of the American fireside—may
his days be many, for we shall miss
something precious from that year in
which appears no new outpouring of his
merry, gentle fancy. Now I want a
little volume of Frank Stanton's darkey
lyrics, a score of them, say,—not, and I
especially insist upon this—not illus-
trated photographically. What a book
that would be! What a treasure of natural
melody and unsophisticated wisdom!

Frank Putnam

HENRY D. MUIR OF GRASS POINT, ILL., AUTHOR OF "MARY
MAGDALENE"



The Ministry of the Flowers



Dedicated, by Permission, to Mrs. Ida Saxton
McKinley

By EMMA JANE HUGHES

DURING President McKinley's life, by the direction of Mrs. McKinley there was sent, every Sabbath morning, from the White House conservatories, a beautiful bouquet of flowers to the Metropolitan M. E. Church, popularly known as the "President's Church." After the services of the day, the flowers were distributed among the sick by the "Flower Committee" of the Ladies Aid Society. The following verses were written by one, who, sick and far from loved ones, was touched by the kind thoughtfulness, and cheered by the beautiful flowers.

They speak to me in accents sweet,
Of loving thoughtfulness replete,
These flowers of rare perfume;
Wake memories of childhood days,
Of meadow brooks and sweet by-ways,
Cool woods, of breath and bloom;

While song of birds in leafy dell
Weaves round my heart a magic spell
Of by-gone days so fair.
I see my Mother's loving smile,
Which could all childish cares beguile,
I hear my Father's prayer.

Sweet memories linger ever near;
Make brave the life, to heart give cheer;
Inspire the soul anew.
Dispel the sordid care and strife,
Of this earth world, and give new life
To all that's good and true.

* * * * *

We mourn with her these lonely hours
For him who sleeps beneath the flowers;
With loving hearts we twine
White immortelles for him so true,—
For her, forget-me-nots of blue,
Amid our cypress vine.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Apparent Decline in Our Exports

Mr. Austin, Chief of the Government's Bureau of Statistics, Shows How the Smaller Total for the Fiscal Year of 1901 Does Not Indicate Any Real Falling Off in the Popularity of American Products in Any of the World's Markets.

By O. P. AUSTIN,

Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics

AN increase in imports and a reduction in exports is not altogether a satisfactory showing to those who hope to see American products and manufactures capture the entire home market and go on expanding our trade abroad. Yet the figures of the foreign commerce of the United States in the calendar year 1901 show both of these conditions—an increase of imports and a decrease of exports. The imports exceed by \$51,271,342 those of 1900, and by \$39,490,101 those of any preceding calendar year, and the export figures are \$12,565,194 less than those of 1900, when the high-water mark was made.

But is the situation as serious as it looks on the face, or, better still, is it serious in any sense of the term? Is the reduction in exports real or only apparent? Does the increase of imports mean any reduction in the activity of the American manufacturer in supplying the home market, or does it mean the reverse?

These are important questions, and they can only be answered by an analysis of the import and export figures of the year. And this analysis is worth making, for not only do we want to know whether we are losing or gaining ground, but, since our business rivals all over the world are watching our development with the greatest anxiety, it is proper that the facts about this apparent turn in the tide of our commerce should be carefully analyzed and explained, if a satisfactory explanation is practicable.

The importations into the United States may be divided into three great

classes: (1) foodstuffs; (2) manufacturers' materials; (3) manufactures and luxuries; and the exports also fall into three great classes: (1) agricultural products; (2) manufactures; (3) products of the mine, forest, fisheries, miscellaneous, and foreign imports re-exported.

Comparing these classes in 1901 with those of 1900, the figures are as follows:

Classes	IMPORTS	
	1900	1901
Foodstuffs.....	\$219,338,443	\$219,934,786
Manufacturers' Materials.....	365,184,653	391,217,097
Manufactures and luxuries....	224,626,618	269,269,073

It will be seen from the above that foodstuffs have not materially changed, that manufactured materials have increased twenty-six millions, and that manufactures and luxuries have increased twenty-four millions.

The principal manufacturers' materials imported are chemicals, copper, fibers, rubber, Egyptian cotton, silk, hides and skins, and tin. Of these, chemicals show an increase of over three millions; cotton, about one million dollars; hides and skins, about four millions; silk, about eight millions, and copper about ten millions. Rubber, while it shows no increase in value, has actually increased over five million pounds in quantity imported; and fibers, while not increasing in value, have increased about twenty-five thousand tons in quantity. In manufactures and luxuries, the chief increase is in diamonds and other precious stones, of which the importations are about ten millions in excess of last year. Manufactures of jute also show an

increase of nearly five millions, feathers and artificial flowers a million, art works a million, tobacco two millions, and wines and spirits about two millions in value.

Thus it will be seen that the largest increase in imports is in manufacturers' materials, showing that the manufacturers in 1901 have been busier and used larger quantities than ever before of the material which they must obtain from abroad; while the increase in manufactures and luxuries is almost exclusively in those articles composed of materials not produced in the United States.

The statement of exports of great classes, put in its simplest form, is as follows:

Agricultural products	1900	1901
.....	\$904,655,411	\$940,246,488
Manufactures.....	441,406,942	393,144,030
All other.....	131,833,760	129,090,401

It will be seen from the above that agricultural products show an increase of thirty-six millions; manufactures, a decrease of forty-six millions, and the "all other" class, a decrease of two millions, in value.

In agricultural products, there is a decrease of thirty-four millions in corn exports, due to the short crop, but this is more than made up by the increased exportation of wheat. There is also a decrease of about twelve millions in the value of cotton exported, but this is entirely due to a reduction of price, the quantity exported being actually greater than in the preceding year.

In manufactures, the decrease is almost exclusively in copper, which fell twenty-four millions, and in iron and steel, which fell twenty-six millions. It will be observed that the total reduction from these two items is about fifty-one millions, or five millions in excess of the total reduction, showing that other manufactures must have made a material increase. The reduction in copper is due in part to the high prices maintained

in the United States during the year, and in part to a decreased foreign demand, by reason of a reduction in industrial activity in the countries which were formerly the chief purchasers of this article. In iron and steel, the reduction is partly due to a reduced demand abroad, partly to the fact that Germany was during the year unloading her surplus iron and steel manufactures, and partly to reduced prices. In nearly one-half of the articles in which quantities are stated there is an actual increase in quantity exported, though in many articles there is a decrease in quantity as well as value. It must be also remembered that the export figures of 1901 do not include any of the goods shipped to the Hawaiian Islands or Porto Rico, which probably aggregated over thirty millions in value, and of which probably one-half were manufactures, Hawaii and Porto Rico being now classed as customs districts of the United States and shipments to them being no longer classed as exports.

There is good reason to believe that the decrease in the exports of manufactures is temporary, or at least will not be so strongly marked in the current year as in the year just ended. Copper exports in December, 1901, were as great as in December, 1900, and the total exports of manufactures in December, 1901, were \$395,605 in excess of December, 1900.

To sum up this brief review of the year's foreign commerce, it may be said in a single sentence (1) that the excess of imports has been altogether in manufacturers' materials or in articles which are not produced in the United States, and (2) that the reduction in exports has been confined to two classes of articles, in which the reduction was due to abnormal conditions, and in no way an indication that the popularity of American products has decreased in any part of the commercial world.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

In Kipling's Village

Mr. Willey Describes the Fortress-Like Old House Where the Famous Poet, Whose War Verses Have Lately Stirred All England, Makes His Home, and Tells How the Kipling Children, Nervous, Black-Eyed Little Bundles of Activity, Played at War on the Shingly Beach.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

'TIS Kipling's village. True, some tell you it is Rottingdean, but they usually add, "where Mr. Kipling lives, you know."

Away back, perhaps a thousand years ago, Nature cut a crease in the long cliff which marks the termination of the South Downs of England. The crease has been broadened by the elements until it is just large enough to fit the little town. In fact a few houses have been crowded out and stand on the abrupt slope of the hills. At the beginning or mouth of the crease the cliffs have fallen a way enough to form a little basin where the waves of the English channel break gently but ceaselessly. Gently in summer—but in winter dash against the great chalk cliffs with such fury that tons of it are yearly washed away and at times the tide forces its way far enough to leave the foaming back water at the foot of the main road.

It must have been a long time back when Kipling's village was hollowed out, for the little stone church itself was begun over 500 years ago. It is the author's next door neighbor, or rather his neighbor across the way and is one of the most interesting spots in the place where

nearly every stone has its history and where the lover of the quaint can find something to admire at every turn. The walls which surround the dwellings are reminders of the "troubulous times" in Sussex, when every man's house was indeed his castle. These walls protected the lives of many of the original citizens from the pike and spear of mailed freebooters. History records more than one conflict in the little hamlet between vassals of opposing lords, and mayhap Kipling will one day give the world a tale based on some of the legendary

"scraps" one still hears about in the neighborhood.

They are stout walls. The stones were carried from the beach, rounded and polished by the action of the waves, and set in the walls in regular rows with a precision that would make a modern brick layer en-

vious. And those wall and house builders knew the secret of compounding cement which still holds the work together as compactly as if cut out of blocks of solid material. Arches were left for the heavily ironed gates, many of them of oak fastened by ponderous bolts or locks with huge keys. Of such a pattern is the side gate of Kipling's house—

END OF THE KIPLING HOUSE, STRONG AS A FORTRESS



the one commonly used. The double entrance in front it is supposed was made to allow a troop of horse to enter, if necessary, when the owner needed the protection of his friends. But to pass from the romantic to the commonplace present, it must be admitted that the broken glass which now is strewn along the walls is intended as a protection against the modern small boy instead of the knight or man-at-arms, for the boy well knows the taste of the fruit in the

blossoms grow in such profusion that every turn brings the stroller into a nook captivating in its abundance of natural beauty. Even the humbler homes have their front gardens and the display of artistic beauty forms a striking contrast to the bareness of the stone structures to be seen everywhere and the whiteness of the streets covered with chalk dust. Trees there are in plenty also, some of them of unknown age, their branches bent and gnarly from the attacks of time.

A BIT OF BEAUTY INSIDE THE KIPLING WALLS

From a photo taken for the "National"



Rottingdean gardens and only the glass prevents many an attack on their treasures.

Flowers as well as fruit are to be found in door yard and garden, and if one is so fortunate as to get beyond the walls, he will see many a bed or artistic corner, the pride of the gardener. So it is at the Kipling home, for, bare and forbidding as are its confines, the grounds are most attractive to the lover of nature. They are not so carefully laid out, but the rose geraniums and more common

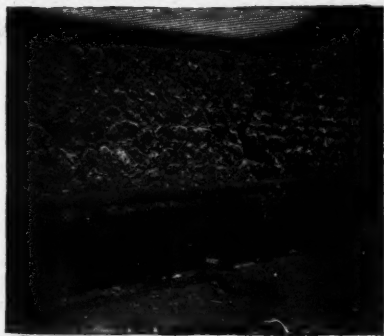
Around the Kipling house are enough to form a small grove, affording welcome shade in the heat of the summer, for, though Rottingdean is on the sea, it is only refreshed by the salt air when the wind is from the east, the sides of the valley shutting off the breeze from other directions. But in winter Nature's protection is welcome, as the chill blasts from the German ocean and the Atlantic are warded off.

Could the mediaeval freebooters scale the walls of Rottingdean, it were still no

small matter to penetrate the houses of the same stuff with doors built of double and triple thicknesses of oak planks

fastened by numberless spikes. The windows were barred either inside or out and the small openings were more fit to sight an arquebuse from than for my lady's morning view. Change of ownership has altered some of the houses. Modern windows and piazzas have been added and such improvements as furnaces and ventilators, but the Kipling home remains nearly as when built, with its small windows, high tiled roof, now much the worse for wear, and its antique entrance. The electric bell, connecting the front gate with the house, is perhaps the principal innovation. About the place is the air of carelessness generally attributed to literary people. One sees a great gap in the rear part of the wall. It existed a century before the present owner was born, but it will never be repaired as long as he is there. Why should he? Are tearing down and building up all of life? You press the

ONE OF KIPLING'S RESTING PLACES, A BENCH
INSIDE HIS WALLS



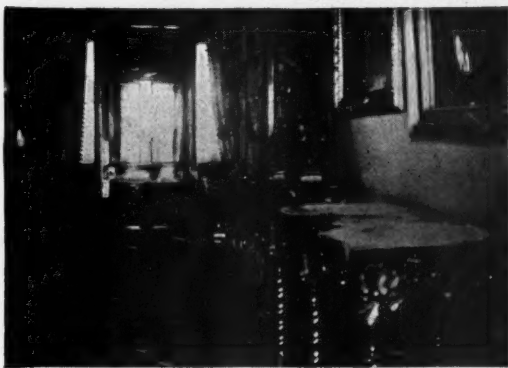
button and not the knocker to gain entrance to the author's domain, for the door is ajar to all whom the fresh faced,

white capped maid allows to enter the gate.

After all, one may be disappointed.

IN THE HALL OF THE KIPLING HOME

From a photo taken for the "National"



The interior is dark and gloomy, except two or three rooms on the second floor. The huge wall is overhung by the grove of trees which keeps out much of the daylight from the parlor and dining room, while the stable at one corner and the cow shed on the other further obstruct the light. Some of the furniture is antique. For instance, a beautifully carved mahogany table and dresser are there, but the author brought to his English home many articles of American make which to some people are "painfully modern." Yet when the visitor sees the thickly stuffed leather easy chair and the long table littered about with writing material, ashes, pipes and a big jar of tobacco he is forced to believe that the writer of "Jungle Stories" and the man who first posed the British soldier in his natural position is one of us. Yes, the studio is very mannish and very American in appearance, for most of its contents came from the States. From the window the author can pause in his work to look across the way into St. Margaret's pretty church yard, where floral and marble tributes have made the little city of the dead attractive rather

than repulsive. Just outside the wall is the resting place of William Black, the novelist. No stone is needed to designate the place. Flowers and ivy literally cover it and every villager as well as the city stranger knows its locality.

It is one of a thousand edifices of the same architecture one finds scattered throughout England—is St. Margaret's. The interior will hold all the towns-people and the hundred or so strangers tempted hither from London and Brighton on Sundays, but if they look for the owner of the home across the way they will not find him in church. It is Rottingdean's only place of worship and of course is of the denomination of the Church of England. A part of the original rear wall remains, but ravages of time and weather have caused extensive repairs and alterations to be made to the balance of the structure, though

the primary shape is still preserved.

From the other window in his study, which occupies a corner of the house, the author can see the village "green"—for Rottingdean has its green, an irregular triangle of ground; but pedestrians are so prone to take short cuts across it that the green exists more in sentiment than in fact. Opposite the Kipling house live the Hon. Burne-Jones's as the villagers call them. The head of the family is slightly related to the author—a distant cousin, and the Kiplings are intimate with them, but with only one or two other families. Their home is one of the most pretentious in the hamlet, the beautiful grounds surrounding it being concealed by the ever present wall. The other near neighbor is Richard Bowling, one of the town characters. He does not look like a character. He is a stoutly built man in the forties, is grimy,

THE BOYS OF KIPLING'S TOWN LINE UP TO BE SNAP-SHOTTED FOR THE "NATIONAL"



sweaty and bare armed like other smiths, across it at the north end of the town,
but unlike them has little to say except but the road was laid out in the days

BAY WINDOW IN THE AUTHOR'S HOME, OVERLOOKING ST. MARGARET'S

From a photo taken for the "National"



when you speak of the sign over the door of the smithy. This is the way it reads:

BOWLING, ORIGINAL VILLAGE SMITH
SMITHING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
REPAIRS TO RANGES

As a matter of fact the sign existed ages before Bowling was born, but he always maintains he is the "original" smith and becomes angry if contradicted. Another feature is that he has not much respect for his literary neighbor and when Kipling passes the place in his frequent strolls, he seldom speaks. He considers the author a sort of interloper in the village and the towns-people say is jealous because so much attention is paid the poet.

Of course the smithy is on the main highway. If the latter were straight, the Kipling house would lie directly

when the sextant and triangle were unknown, and winds around just below the author's window as it stretches away out upon the downs. As you follow it through the village to the beach you note several fairly old taverns with such titles as the "White Horse" and "Royal Oak." There is also the "Black Horse," about which I will say more later.

It is over this road that Kipling goes on many a morning, jogging along with his hands in his pockets, a trick he learned among the Yankees. It's but five minutes walk through Kipling's village to the spot where the channel waves rise and fall. They call it the beach, but it is a mere mass of gravel. You crunch it as your feet sink among the loose stones and at times stumble on one larger than the others. There is no sand whatever. A stone's throw away the water laps the foot of the yellow cliffs,

which have such a dazzling whiteness when seen from the deck of an Atlantic liner. If you do as the villagers do—as Kipling does—you sit down on the gravel just beyond the tide's reach and lazily watch the wavelets as you toss the pebbles into them, or perhaps you try to follow the course of one of the graceful Brighton fisher boats out after a mess of sole. 'Tis a quiet niche in the coast line, unless the south-east wind blows hard. The water washes gently upon the gravel, for the Atlantic breakers are absent from this part of the coast.

Up the valley's sides are scattered a herd of England's famous Southdowns fattening themselves to be cut into ten-ounce chops for London restaurants or

perhaps served with mint sauce at one of the local inns. The children long ago deserted the village green for the beach. Boys, even girls, are instinctively fond of throwing stones and here they can do it to their heart's content. Even such youngsters as "Wee Willie Winkie" might come in safety, for the gravel is so clean as to preserve the white frock unsullied and the most cautious mother need have no fear of her darling drowning. Noank is generally there, or one of his men. Noank is another of the Rottingdean celebrities. Like Bowling, of the smithy, he has lived here all his life—sixty years—but unlike the other he is a great friend of Kipling and the Kipling family. Imagine John Bull

as drawn by a modern artist, put an old straw hat on him and you have Noank. In summer he hires out boats and bathing cars—and in winter enjoys himself up at the "Black Horse" over a tankard of "'alf and 'alf" talking politics or exchanging gossip with Mine Host Welfare. He has read most of the author's stories but doesn't think much of the Indian tales. "Captains Courageous" is his favorite and he is willing to talk by the hour about the brave fishermen of the Banks with the visitor or anyone else, for Noank, when younger, did quite a bit of channel fishing himself. Go down to the beach on some pleasant morning in spring or summer and you will likely find Kipling sprawled on the gravel talking with his own or a half dozen of the village children playing about, while near by will be Noank sitting on the edge of a boat,

THREE OF A KIND: PETS OF THE KIPLING FAMILY
From a photo taken for the "National"



all ears and eyes. Strolling down to the beach is one of Kipling's main recreations. If the children or any one who is with him will make a fort he will join in trying to knock it down, but he won't worry over the effort to build it himself. They pile up flat stones into a wall about two feet high and then try to see who can knock it down first by throwing missiles at it. Every one takes a hand—Kipling, the children, the ladies of the Burne-Jones family, sometimes Mrs. Kipling, but as a rule the ladies are better throwers than he and succeed. He does not shoot, seldom takes a surf bath, cares nothing for fishing. He occasionally plays lawn tennis—for about one game—but he has no interest in cricket. When not working he simply likes to lounge about—in plain English, loaf. He dislikes any attention and positively dreads the notice of strangers. Perhaps this is one reason

he selected his home, so strongly fortified, and why he is conspicuous in his absence from church. He will never talk of himself and his work and feels ill at ease except when among his few chosen friends or his family—or children. He is fond of children and they take to him as naturally as if he were the father of the whole village. He dislikes to get up until late in the morning, and often vexes his active, sunny little wife, who is fond of her home and of everything at the right time and place. To see Kipling going along the three or four streets which comprise Kipling's village, you would mistake the man every time. Physically he is anything but attractive and has no taste in dress whatever. In

fact he cares nothing for it, but there's something which indicates his true character

THE ANCIENT WIND MILL OF KIPLING'S TOWN, WHOSE REVOLVING FLAILS INSPIRE THE POET'S WAR VERSES



acter to the observer who is thrown with him for any length of time. Children tell the good in human nature by instinct, and the love of the children in this case is a proof of it. Naturally he is of a quiet, happy, devil-may-care disposition. As he saunters along, he tries to hum a tune, but really has no conception of music whatever, and as friends put it he "buzzes." He lives in a little world of his own. And it is a world which contains plenty of sunshine, except when sickness and death visit it.

The Kipling children -- there were three but only two now—before little Joe died were to be seen at the beach every pleasant day. Thin, nervous little bodies with restless, piercing black eyes; unlike

their father they do not care much for other children. When their sister was alive the three "flocked by themselves," so to speak, and managed to get their share of amusement and pleasure, even though somewhat exclusive. In features they resemble their mother more than their father, although the Kipling part of the family is very perceptible, especially in the shyness of strangers and retiring disposition except when by themselves. Though fond of dolls and the usual

allow them to get nearer than the rest when the attack was made—and they

ST. MARGARET'S, THE GRAY OLD CHURCH NEAR KIPLING'S HOME
From a photo taken for the "National"



toys, throwing stones is the most delightful pastime to them. When the trio were together at the beach they were always ready to build the castle, as they called it, if the grown people would

generally did their share in demolishing it. When by themselves they organized armies—each one constituted an army. Then they started for the beach and taking up positions began a three-cornered

THE GOLDEN LION HOTEL, AN INN OF KIPLING'S TOWN

From a photo taken for the "National"



stoned battle between England, America and India, the littlest Kipling being India. They would solemnly keep up this for an hour at a time, but the hits were few and far between and nothing serious resulted. Yet it was an amusing sight to see the precision with which they threw the stones—no enthusiasm, no shouts or laughter, but steady work as though they were going through a drill like real soldiers.

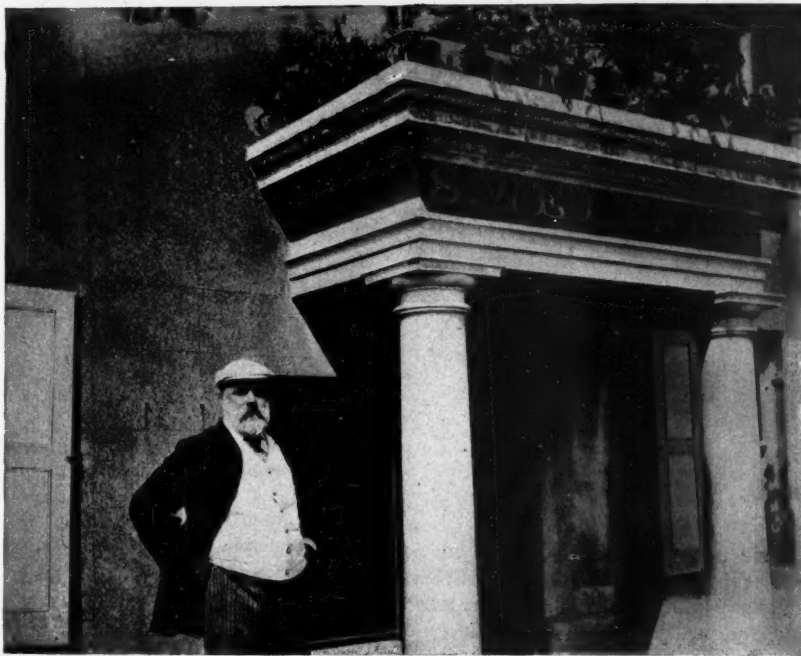
They were very human, however, and had many a three cornered fight with fist and nail at home, which only ended when the little mother appeared and dealt out stern justice with the flat of her hand. Then it was kiss and forget and in fifteen minutes all had forgotten they had had a quarrel.

As for their father, such things never

miles away, forming one of the finest drives in Britain. But it is only occasionally. He cares little about driving and will not exert himself to ride a bicycle. The limit of his walk is generally the "Black Horse," over which, as I have said, Mine Host Welfare presides. It is Welfare's native village and the old wind mill, now deserted on the hill,

MINE HOST WELFARE AND HIS INN, WHERE THE POET GOES FOR A GLASS AND AN ARGUMENT

From a photo taken for the "National"



disturbed his serenity in the least and it is probable that he never has lifted his hand against them — or any one else.

Occasionally you may see Kipling walking along the cliff looking at the water nearly a hundred feet below or sitting on the turf at the edge of the precipice. It is but a half hour's walk to Brighton, England's noted summer resort, while the same road skirts the coast all the way to Newhaven — fifty

ground the corn for the bread he ate when a child. And this mill—what a tale it could tell if human. Like hundreds of others in the south and east of England its huge arms revolved, producing the force which reduced the grain to powder between the upper and nether stones. But its work was too slow for even this easy going neighborhood and with its brethren it was abandoned fifty years ago and now remains a symbol of

a former industry. It is still useful, as its top, standing full sixty feet above the hill's summit, can be seen far out at sea and serves as a day beacon to coasting and other craft.

Welfare has gone beyond his county and his country. He has traveled on the Continent and when a young man had much to say in politics, but now is content to welcome his guests and play the part of the English country landlord to perfection. But Welfare can talk on a variety of subjects from politics to metaphysics, while he is on intimate terms with nearly every personage in the Bible. He is a man who interests you in spite of yourself and he interested Kipling. Two or three evenings out of the week, in winter, one will find the author and the landlord and possibly

THE OLD STABLE: IT HAS NO TENANTS NOW



Noank in Welfare's cosy dining room before the big glowing fire, each with his glass and pipe. Welfare does the talking and his guest does the listening—most of the time. The subjects cover a decidedly long range but usually end in a discussion of politics, for Welfare is an extreme Radical and Kipling a Conservative—as much as he is anything. They will get into an argument of half an hour, Welfare growing white hot and

Kipling becoming really quite excited. Then glasses are drained, the guest departs and probably by the time he

KIPLING'S COW SHED—SOLID AS A JAIL



reaches his gate has forgotten all that was said or even where he has been.

Apropos of the political talk, about two years ago Mine Host was taken ill—an unusual thing for him. Kipling frequently dropped in to see him and help him pass away the time. Of course politics had to be brought up. One night they had quite an excited discussion and the next morning the village doctor appeared at the author's gate. He was admitted and told the servant he desired to see Mr. Kipling at once. The latter shuffled in, somewhat surprised at the unusual visit.

"Good morning, Mr. Kipling. I have looked in to say that I must beg of you to discontinue visiting Mr. Welfare."

"Why so?"

"Because I am responsible for his proper care. You have been to the Black Horse now three nights in succession. The first morning after, his pulse was eighty-five, the second morning it was ninety-four and this morning it was ninety-nine. Why sir, if you continue, you will be the death of him."

The visits were discontinued and Welfare recovered to tell me the story over a glass of bitter ale.



Chicago Sees Famous War Paintings

Verestchagin, the Russian Master, Gives the First American View of His Napoleonic and Philippine Canvases in the Art Institute of the Western Metropolis—George Ade's New Opera and a New Lincoln Portrait Discussed by Mr. Cleveland.

By H. I. CLEVELAND

BASIL VERESTCHAGIN, the famous Russian war painter—an evangel of peace who drives his point home to the mind by depicting the horrors of war upon his canvases—has lately closed an exhibition of his pictures in the Art Institute of Chicago. Verestchagin had himself divided his paintings into three groups—dealing with India, with Turk-estan and with the Russo-Turkish war. There has grown up a fourth group, of Napoleon paintings, and a fifth, latest of all, of pictures dealing with the war in the Philippines. The great painter visited the islands after the American occupation to obtain material for these pictures.

It was the personal wish of Verestchagin that Chicago should be the entry port in this country for his first exhibition of not only his Napoleonic paintings, but those connected with our war in the Philippines, and his latter-day works. It was an appeal of the art of the Slav—of the semi-Orient to the spirit of the West. If it was not as successful as the artist anticipated the fault was not wholly that of the West.

But passing by the question of the popular success of the exhibition, the very fact that it was attempted was a high tribute to Chicago's Art Institute and to the growing spirit of culture of the country west of the Alleghanies. Not gifted with unlimited funds, but upheld by most loyal hearts, the Chicago Art Institute is winning a recognized place for itself; is giving a sincere aid to dis-

tinctive art movements that are slowly but surely making for the spiritual enlightenment of the West.

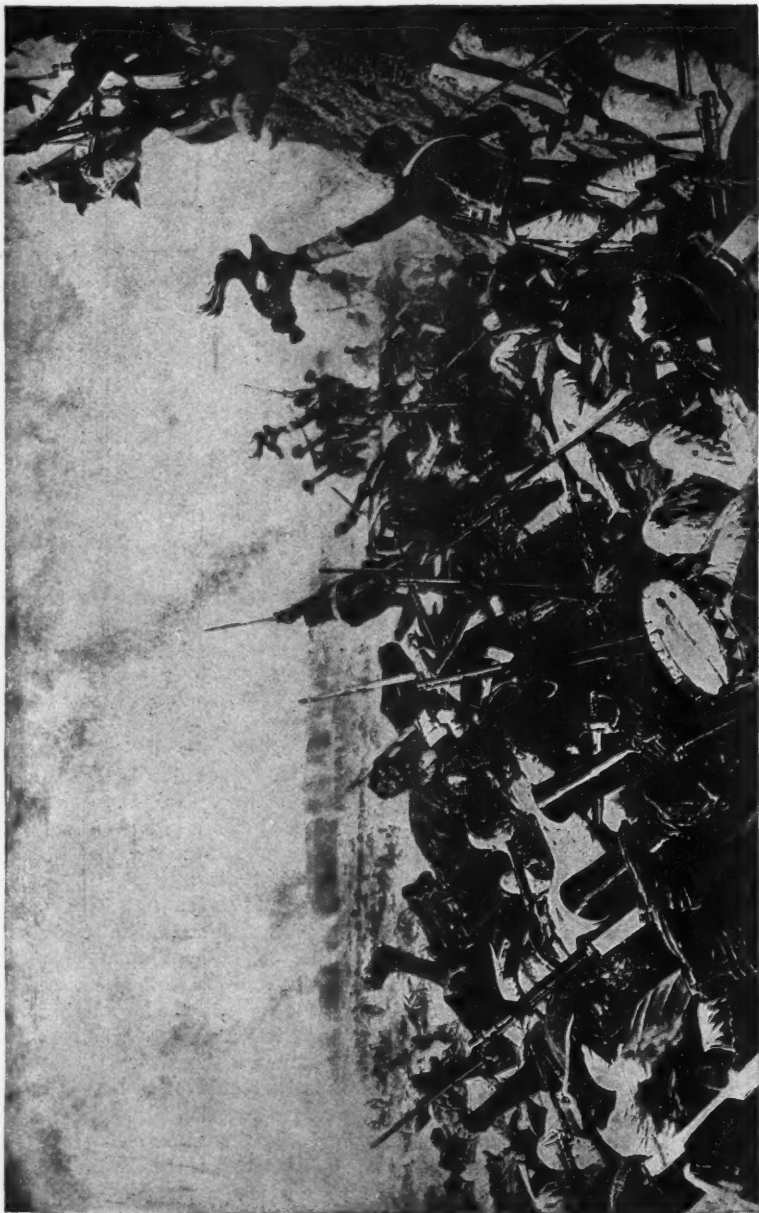
In the place that it gave to the Verestchagin collection, the encouragement it lent to public interest in his works, the Institute revealed a most liberal attitude. For the technique of the Russian at its best is not easily grasped by the ordinary mind. His "Borodino," with the white dot for the distant Napoleon, is a long strain upon a mind fresh from ledgers and stock accounts. His "You Are Hit, Sergeant" struck straight to the heart of every observer; the arching head of the battle horse, the blood stained face of the trooper, carried their own tale, and won their own way even with the most sordid spirit.

But as most of the visitors came to rave over "Borodino" and left dissatisfied, their chance happening on the wounded officer did not wholly relieve them of the impression that, in these exhibited works at least, the Russian is difficult to understand. Truly, though, should he return a second time and bring still more finished works, his welcome would be more cordial. He aroused a new interest in the Napoleonic cult; he gave a vision of War, healthful, because it educates that War is hideous; he brought the West somewhat nearer to that far away land in which his strong brain was first nursed.

The culture of the West, whatever altitude it may ever reach, will never be that of the East. Verestchagin, as well

AT BORODINO: "VIVE L'EMPEREUR!" NAPOLEON APPEARING IN THE DISTANCE

From a photo of a Verestchagin painting, taken for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago



YOU ARE HIT, SERGEANT." "YES, SIR."

From a photo of a Verestchagin painting, made for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago



as others, must come to comprehend this collection are reproduced herewith.
this.

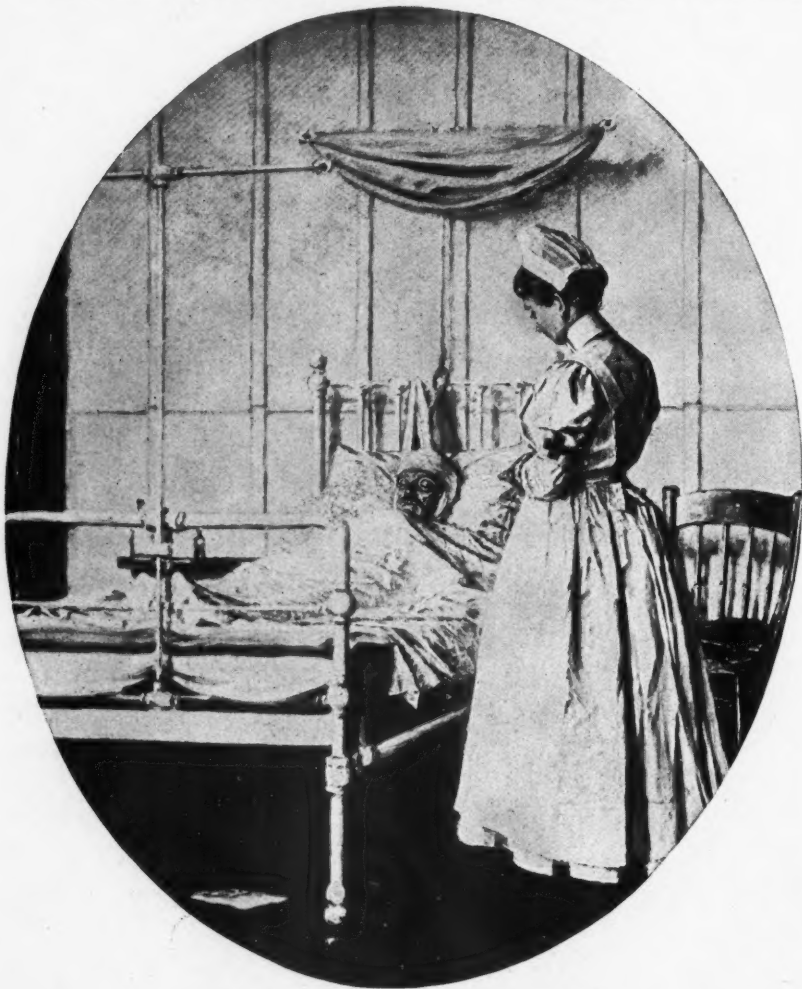
Four of the noteworthy paintings of "You Are Hit, Sergeant," "Yes, Sir," and "The Letter Remained Un-

finished," belong to the series called by the artist "A Short Poem in Pictures." In the group are five pictures of which

finished. Like everything else of this nature that the Russian has portrayed, the tearful, bitter side of war is upper-

"THE LETTER REMAINS UNFINISHED"

From a photo of a Verestchagin painting, made for the "National" by C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago



these two are reproduced. They tell a pathetic story of a soldier shot in battle, his conveyance to the hospital, his effort to write to his mother, his failure to do so, his death before his letter home is

most. The pictures need no elaborate description. They tell their own sad story.

"Far From Home" pictures an American soldier on guard duty in the Philip-

piners—just an American boy in a rice field of the Orient, on duty for the honor of the flag and his nation. This is one of the latest things from the Russian's brush. It is really more a study than a rounded out theme.

"At Borodino" the French cuirassiers, after taking a great redoubt, saw Napoleon approaching. He was far distant, mounted on his favorite white horse. He was so distant they could only distinguish his short figure and the white of his horse, but over the dead and the dying rose the cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" In the painting Napoleon is only represented by a minute white spot, which barely appears in the reproduction. The subject is centered on the shout of the soldiery at the sight of their chief. The Russian painter says that a wounded man who had just had his leg amputated seized his cut-off limb and waved it

"FAR FROM HOME"

From a photo of a Verestchagin painting, made for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago



in the air shouting for Napoleon. This painting belongs to the Napoleon series.

The Chicago exhibition of this collection was the most successful of its kind ever attempted in the city. The galleries were daily packed, despite the death and sorrow palpable in all the Russian's work.

[Verestchagin's attitude toward the life of his time is quite as forcibly indicated in his text as in his pictures. Thus, he writes:

"Now, listen! An emperor is killed. Oh, how bad! How wrong! What confusion it brought! But there were some reasons for this killing. It was removing the head of a monarchy that was sometimes tyrannical and cruel. But then, the man was caught and ordered shot. That is right. That is good. He must be prevented from killing another emperor.

"Then things seemed to be quiet. Order and confidence were restored. But after a short time a king is killed, a good king, a king who was kind to his subjects, beloved. Well, this man was taken. He was not killed, but he was shut up in a cage, where he was to have no intercourse with his kind for his whole life. That is good. That is right. He must be prevented from killing some other king.

"Again all is quiet. Again there is confidence. But lo, an empress is killed! Now an empress. Oh, that is too bad! A woman, and a very charming woman. She was not responsible for the deeds of her husband. She was not in public life. She was a very good woman. What is the matter? The man is caught again. He also was shut up. He was not allowed to speak to any man, see anybody. He was put in a cage. That is right. That is fine. He must understand that to kill an empress is not a proper thing. He must be prevented from doing similar wrong.

"Well, again quiet for a certain time.

But, lo, a president is killed! A president! Oh, oh, that is too bad! There may be some excuse for killing emperors and kings, but to kill a president in a free country, the choice of the people. Oh, that is very foolish. What of this murderer? Why, he must be killed twice. A special law must be enacted. This thing must be stopped. But what is the matter?

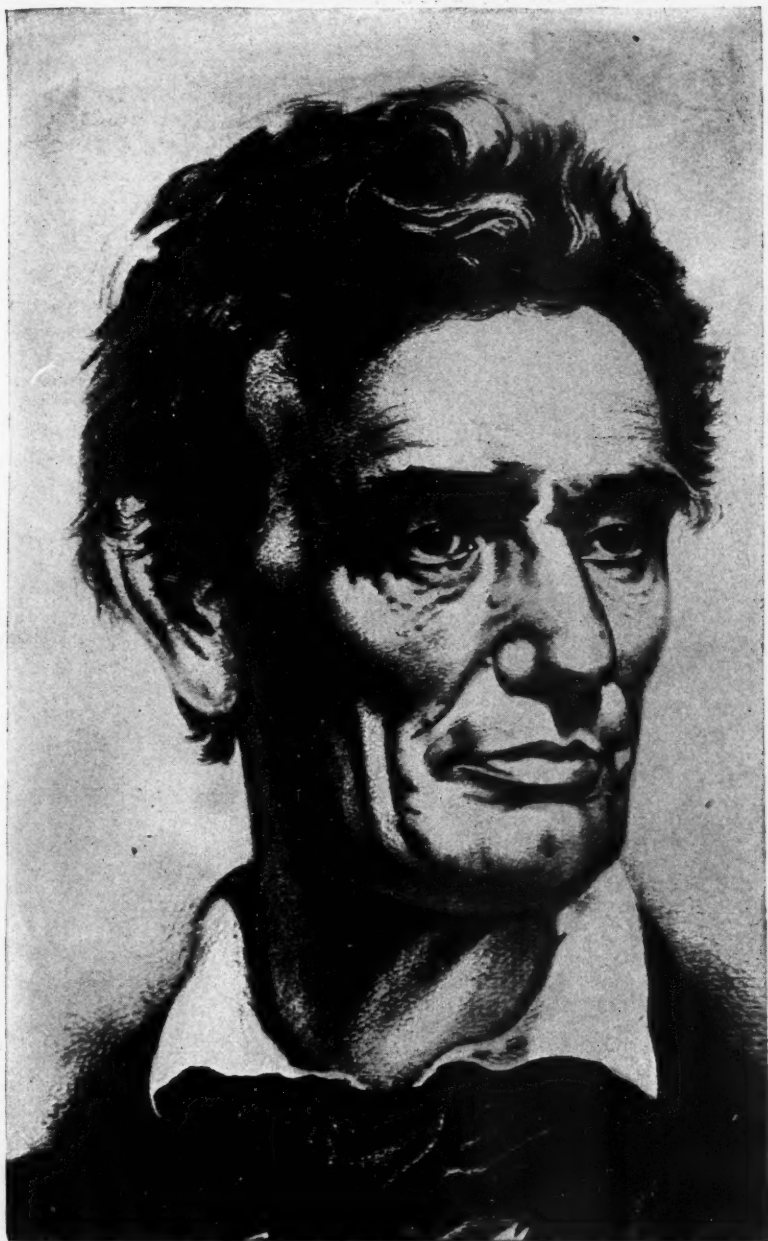
"It is evident that society is sick. It is suffering from a very severe wound, and the killing now and then of an emperor and a king cannot cure it. But it is well to understand; we must realize that the revolver which killed President McKinley was the same revolver which killed the Russian Emperor, the King of Italy, and the Empress of Austria, and that this revolver was the revolver of poverty, of misery, of despair.

"How cure such sickness? There is need of radical treatment. The money, millions, and millions, and more millions, which is spent in taking life in different wars, must be applied to the curing of society. We must make war against war, seek to save life and not destroy it."]

A New Lincoln Portrait

THE accompanying picture of Abraham Lincoln is a copy of a life-size crayon purchased for fifty cents in a second-hand store in St. Louis by Henry Kuehlman, of Monmouth, Ill. The crayon was purchased prior to 1860 by Mr. Kuehlman without his knowing the name of the subject. In 1861 he learned that it was a picture of Lincoln, then president, and that it was one of the best early pictures of him extant. A Mr. Kidd, of Springfield, Ill., who knew Lincoln well, says the picture must have been made while he was pleading a case in court—that it was his habit in court pleadings to run his fingers through his hair, giving it the wavy appearance presented. The name of the crayon artist

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN



GEORGE ADE

From a photo taken for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago



is unknown, as well as the exact time the picture was made—although it is probable the date is about 1855. Dr. J. B. McFatrigh, of Chicago, owns the first copy of this crayon that was ever made.

George Ade Writes an Opera

GEORGE ADE, father of "Artie" and several other good things during the last five years, is now a producer of operas. His "Sultan of Sulu" had a "first night" at the Studebaker, Chicago, on March 11. It is a satirical musical play and as Mr. Ade himself says, "dealing with the introduction of American laws and customs into the island of Sulu and their conflict with the local customs, especially those regarding polygamy and slavery."

Mr. Ade has added to his glories of authorship by becoming the secretary of the Chicago Athletic Club. This is an organization having a brown stone front on Michigan avenue. Its membership is divided between those who dally with Omar Khayyam and those who prefer a swimming pool and Fitzsimmons.

When told that he had been snap-shotted for the "National Magazine," Mr. Ade said: "I am sorry, for I am afraid my trousers bagged at the knee. Try it again and I will see if I cannot look pleasant."

Witty Stage Impromptus

Helen Arthur Tells of "Asides" that Tickled the Players, Though Lost to the Auditors, and Chats About Current Attractions in New York, the Theatrical Capital.

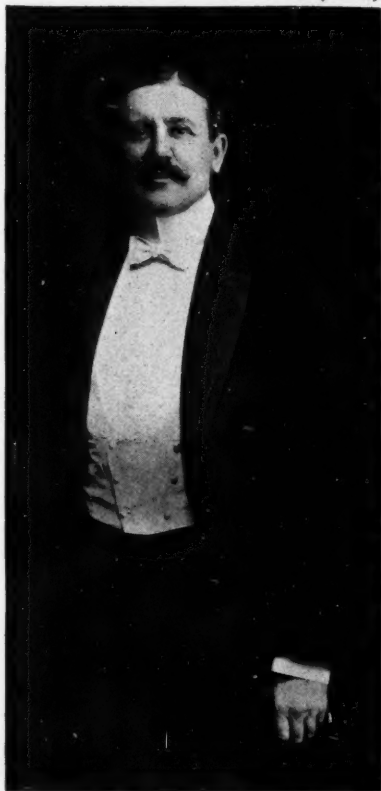
By HELEN ARTHUR

AN actor or actress has to stand the glare of publicity more than the member of any other profession. Their slightest doings are chronicled and they cannot even eat a lobster a la Newburg

in peace and present comfort. Part of this is due to the overweening curiosity of the Great American Public and part to the player's desire to be advertised. The fact that Maude Adams has, in our

CHARLES HAWTREY, AN ENGLISH ACTOR NOW
APPEARING IN "A MESSAGE FROM MAK'S"

Photo by Sarony



FRANCIS WILSON IN "THE TOREADOR"

Photo by Hall's Studio



minds, retained a certain girlish charm, may be because we do not know "that at eight a. m. she uses a Whiteley exerciser, at nine she takes her fencing lesson; at ten she goes for half an hour's spin on her wheel," etc. Instead, we have pleasant memories of her Dorothy in "Rosemary," her Babbie in "The Little Min-

ister," and her Phoebe in "Quality Street." However, Miss Adams is kind to her many heroine worshippers aged sixteen. One who had made Miss Adams the sole goddess, sent her a photograph and a request that Miss Adams sign it. In due time it returned with "To Miss Matinee, from her Maude

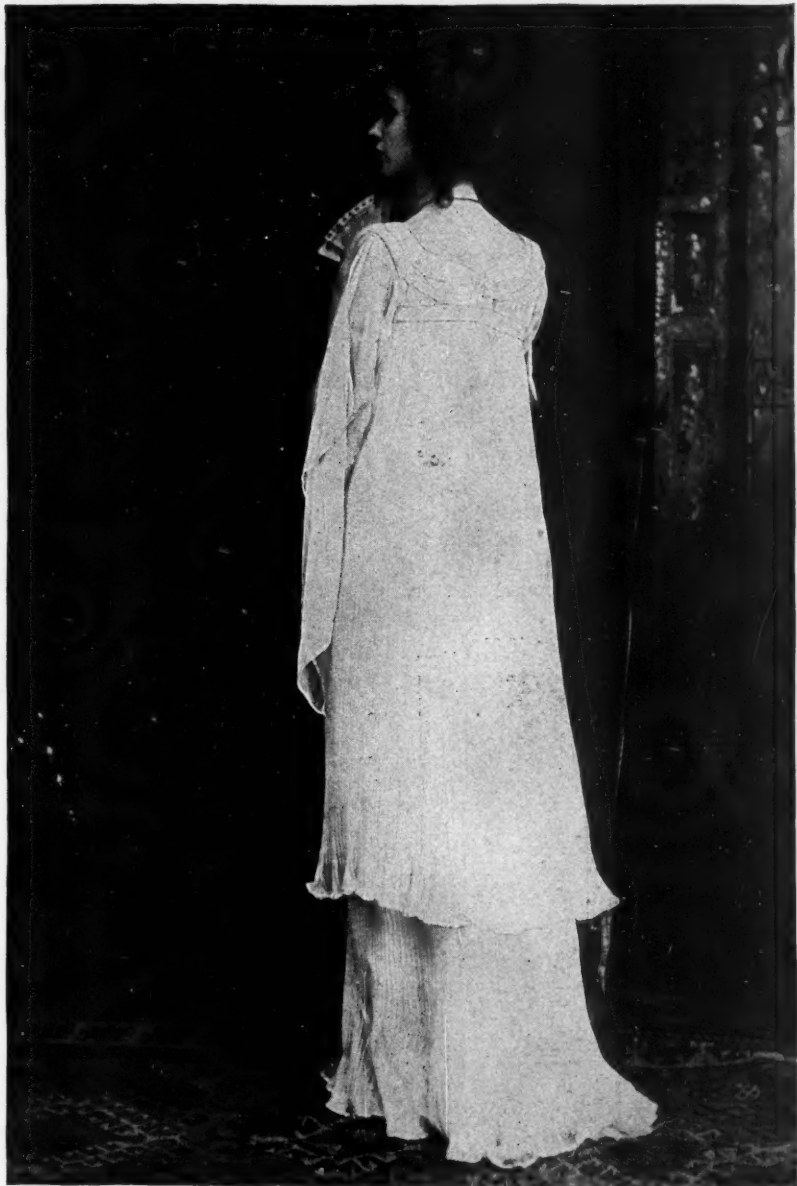
MISS BLANCH BATES AS CIGARETTE IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS"

Photo by Sarony



MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN "QUALITY STREET"

Photo by Sarony



Adams.' That picture became the day when Miss Matinee's chum decided
admired of all admirers until one sad to make a similar request. The second

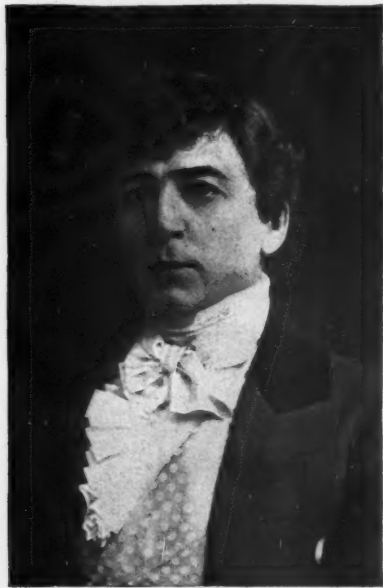
picture came back with, "To Miss Parquet from her Maud Adams."

*"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest is to say the same thing again."*

The pictures were no longer flaunted from the house tops—a horrid fear of letting too many admirers into the partnership possessed the Missess Matinee and Parquet.

A MATTER of interest to New Yorkers is the purchase of the Republic by Mr. David Belasco. Next season he will devote it to his three stars—Mrs. Carter, Blanche Bates and David Warfield. The theatre will be refitted and enlarged in such a way that when finished it will no doubt furnish the best example of a modern playhouse either here or abroad. If Mr. Belasco could only secure a patent fastener to keep persons in their seats until the last act is finished and save the wear and tear on one's temper because

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT IN THE TITLE ROLE OF
"GARRETT O'MAGH" *Photo by Sareny*



the ensemble is shut from view for the sole reason that some woman couldn't wait to put on that dream of a hat! At the Criterion, Mrs. Carter has broken all records and Lent seemed to have little effect upon the receipts. No one

FRANK J. KEENAN AS 'THE HON. JOHN GRIGSBY'
Photo by Dupont



cared to make the sacrifice of missing "Du Barry." It is probable that no new play will be provided for her for at least three seasons. Blanche Bates will stay at the Academy of Music for the rest of the present season and David Warfield could easily draw good houses with his success of this year, "The Auctioneer," so Mr. Belasco may well be content.

NOTHING gains applause more quickly than a display of presence of mind when something unexpected happens during a performance. In the last act of "Lady Margaret"—the opening bill for Miss Amelia Bingham's Stock Company—which was laid in the atelier of Madame Marguerite the modiste—just as Minnie Dupree (the Hon. Effie McIlloy) was telling Amelia Bingham

A SCENE FROM "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," ONE OF NEW YORK'S THEATRICAL FAVORITES



(Madame Marguerite) that she intended to come to her cousin's shop every single day, her dress caught on a nail and tore. Miss Bingham stooped and unfastened the train and answered: "Yes, you'll need to come now to have your gown mended"—a bit of ready wit which won a hearty laugh. In the midst of a most exciting scene in "The Royal Rival," a

EDWARD J. MORGAN AS JOHN STORM IN "THE CHRISTIAN"



cat walked slowly across the stage and started a ripple of laughter in the audience, which was much increased by William Faversham's remark, "Who is this lady?" A very good bit of improvising occurred during a performance of "Madame Sans Gene." It was in a scene where Madame's husband should have made an entrance, but for some unknown reason did not appear. The

lines had all been delivered, the cue given, but those who had not seen the play before never knew this, for Valerie Bergere, who was playing the title role, walked back and forth exclaiming in accents of too real anxiety: "Where is my husband? He should be here! What can have become of him?" When he finally arrived, she said: "I thought you never would come," and the answering gleam in his eyes showed how apropos was the remark.

HAVEN'T you heard persons say, "Behind the scenes? How very interesting! I should love to go poking around among the scenery." This sounds very well, but, candidly, they would not get as much enjoyment as they suppose. Onlookers are rarely allowed and at the stage entrance stands a Cerberus called the "door keeper." In vain you tell him that your best friend is the star and you wish to go at once to his dressing room. You are permitted to send in your card and then possibly be admitted to the dressing room. Interviewers are looked at askance and many a leading lady has a maid whose tongue will make one's hair stand on end. Julie Opp, who played Marita in "A Royal Rival" and who has gone abroad to play the role of Katherine de Vauclles in "If I Were King," has a dresser whose voluble French left dire impressions and scatterings of *mon Dieu* and *diabes*. When at last it dawned upon this custodian of Miss Opp's privacy that French was not understood, she cheerfully and vehemently said "Miss Opp, she *hates* reporters!" All of which goes to show that the way of the interviewer is hard.

AFTER an evening in an up-town theatre where the audience is made up largely of somewhat blasé people who listen with languid, well bred attention to the play and whose excitement never

MISS LULU GLASER IN "DOLLY VARDEN"

Photo by Burr McIntosh



rises beyond a proper pitch, it is somewhat enjoyable to watch an audience which has gathered in the theatre on

Fourteenth Street to hear the Irish comedian, Chauncey Olcott. Every line which contains a reference to Ireland is

applauded to the echo and when Mr. Olcott sang "The Wearing of the Green" the gallery gods, Zeus-like, thundered their approbation. One day when Mr. Olcott was riding up Broadway on a street car, he had occasion to pay the fare of a small boy who sat next him and whose evident distress at the loss of his car fare attracted Mr. Olcott's notice. The urchin insisted on knowing who his benefactor was and Mr. Olcott gave him his card as the lad insisted on wishing to return the nickle. One afternoon after the performance Mr. Olcott

was surprised to find the lad at the stage entrance. Mr. Olcott inquired if the boy had come to return the five cents but the youngster said: "No, I wrote 'Pass two' on your card and I've come to tell you it was a bully show."

PLAYS have an undoubted effect upon those who listen to them. An interesting example of this could be found after any matinee performance of "A Message from Mars" in which Charles Hawtrey had such a successful New York run that his out of town dates were

cancelled. The play tells the story of the conversion of a thoroughly selfish man and shows his changed attitude toward all mankind. This is accomplished through a dream in which he is made to suffer even abject poverty. As one leaves the theatre, there is the line of beggars waiting for a few cents and rarely are they refused, so strong is the impression left by the play. A beautifully dressed woman was even seen to return and give a blind violinist some money — she seemed to have remembered the punishment which was meted out to the self-absorbed man in the play she had just left.

E. S. WILLARD AS THE CARDINAL



ONE of the strongest bits of char-

acter work which has been seen on Broadway for a long time was "The Hon. John Grigsby" as played by Frank Keenan. This play had what so many lack, atmosphere. The clothes of the players looked as though they belonged to an every day wardrobe—not like samples used for exhibition purposes only. As an elderly lady was heard to remark, "This play in its settings reminds me of the old 'Godey's Ladies' Book.'"

IF Lulu Glaser continues to improve in her work as she has this year, we prophesy the head of the line for her. As the delightfully hoydenish "Dolly Varden" she is a thorough success. If, as she sings, "there is something the matter inside of me"—the sooner the contagion spreads among comic opera stars the better. One really doesn't remember much about the rest of the cast, one listened only for the cue to bring Miss Glaser back. She is artist and student, and takes her career seriously.

WHEN Winston Churchill wrote "The Crisis" it was reported that he said the actress best fitted to play the part of

MARY MANNERING, NOW STARRING IN LAST SEASON'S SUCCESS, "JANICE MEREDITH"
Photo by Morrison



Virginia Carvel was Mary Mannering. However, when the play is produced it will be by her husband, James K. Hackett, and for pecuniary reasons the lead will be given to Charlotte Walker. Miss Mannering is repeating on the road

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO, WITH "THE BOSTONIANS"

Photo by Gilbert & Bacon



her metropolitan success, "Janice Meredith."

ALMOST like glimpses into Fairy land are some of the scenes in "The Sleep-

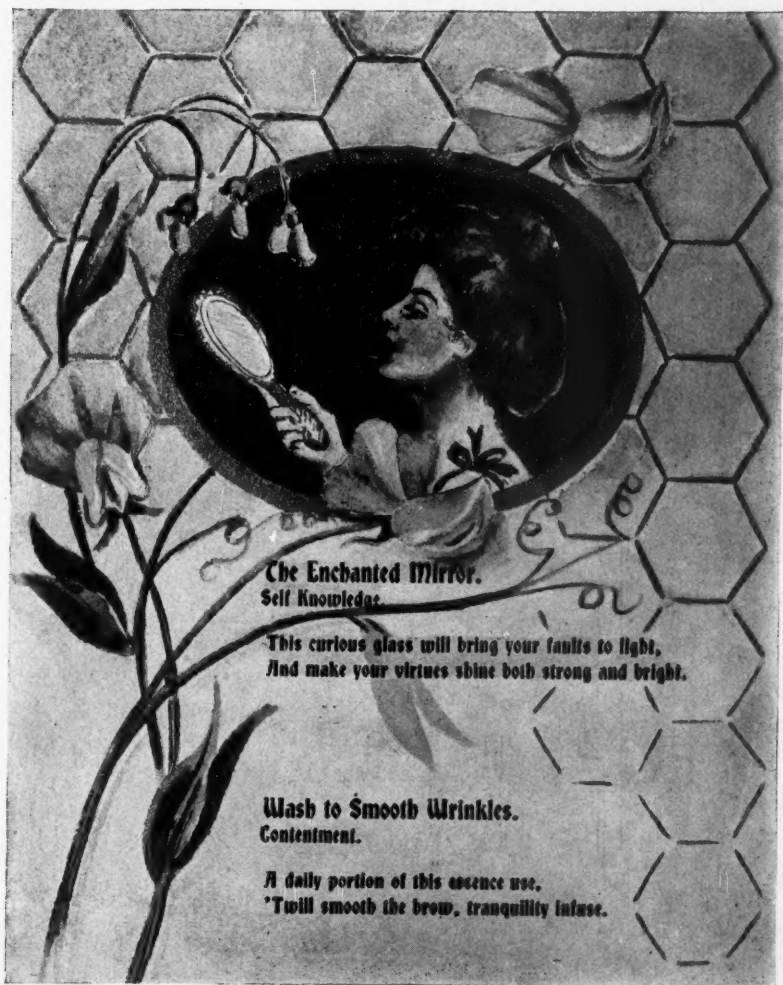
ing Beauty and the Beast." This extravaganza has packed the Broadway Theatre since its initial performance and doubtless will last the season out, a joy alike to the children and their elders.



Cosmetics

ILLUSTRATED BY LEOTA WOY

THE quaint and pithy philosophy of these lines commended them to the favor of members of the Guild of Arts and Crafts of Denver, when that promising young organization of artists was casting about for themes. The author-



The Enchanted Mirror.
Self Knowledge.

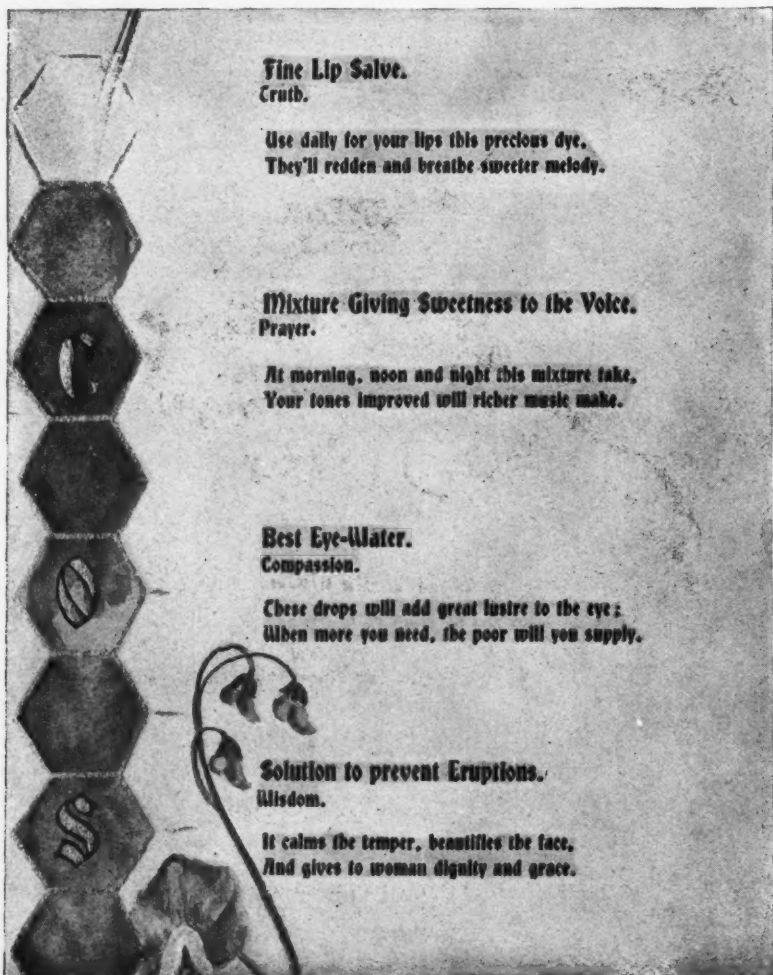
*This curious glass will bring your faults to light,
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.*

Wash to Smooth Wrinkles.
Contentment.

*A daily portion of this essence use,
'Twill smooth the brow, tranquillity infuse.*

ship of the lines is unknown. Their application is, or may be, as nearly universal as that of the best known proverbial philosophy. Miss Woy, in decorating the piece, made of it one long page, with the title at the left side. In order to reproduce the drawings in the "National," it was necessary to divide this one page into four, whereby, of course, something of the artistic value

of the work is lost. The original decorations were in colors—the colors of the sweet peas—and these, translated into plain black and white, lose much of their charm; yet it is felt that enough of the value of the original is saved to justify the reproduction, and certainly many will wish to preserve the wisdom of the lines. Despite the losses in reproduction, it is believed the work reflects



Fine Lip Salve.
Truth.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye,
They'll redden and breathe sweeter melody.

Mixture Giving Sweetness to the Voice.
Prayer.

At morning, noon and night this mixture take,
Your tones improved will richer music make.

Best Eye-Water.
Compassion.

These drops will add great lustre to the eye;
When more you need, the poor will you supply.

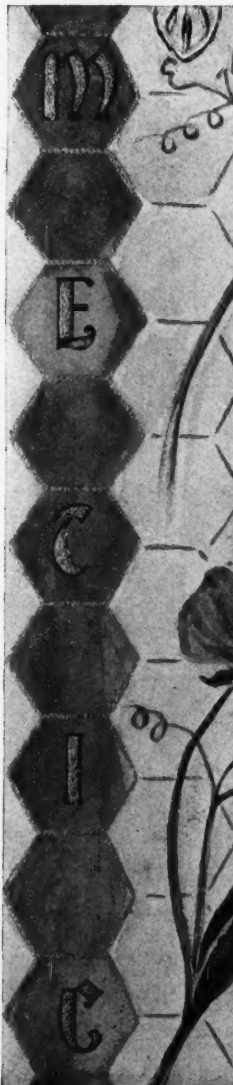
Solution to prevent Eruptions.
Wisdom.

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

enough of the beauty of the original to show why Denver, the capital of the Rockies, is proud of the accomplishments of its thriving Guild of Arts and Crafts.

It is noteworthy in this connection that in each of the sectional capitals of

the country groups of ambitious workers in the fine arts are developing along distinct lines. Thus, in New Orleans we have in the native poetry, music, and painting the atmosphere of the free spirited, pleasure loving Latin; in



Matchless Pair of Ear-Rings.
Attention and Obedience.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive, lessons you will gladly hear.

Indispensable Pair of Bracelets.
Dedication and Industry.

Clasp them on carefully each day you live,
To good designs they efficacy give.

An Elastic Girdle.
Patience.

The more you use, the brighter it will grow,
Though its least merit is external show.

Ring of Tried Gold.
Principle.

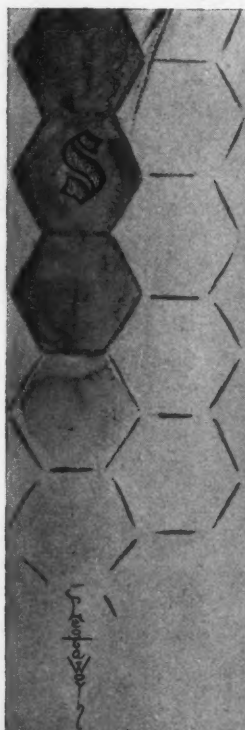
Yield not this golden bracelet while you live,
'Twill both restrain and peace of conscience give.

Necklace of Purest Pearl.
Resignation.

This ornament embellishes the fair,
And teaches all the ills of life to bear.

Chicago, the breezy freshness of the prairies; in Boston, an adherence to classical ideals which not seldom operates to suppress originality, or to make it subservient to the schools; in Denver, something of the gayety of the "flush" days of a comparatively new community, tempered by the impressive grandeur of the mighty mountains near at hand; in New York, a blending of all

these traits with the traditions of Europe. Perhaps the difference here noted is all a fancied one—something which should be, or may be, but is not yet distinguishable. No doubt, if it be not yet true, it will some day be true. America is large enough, and its several sections are sufficiently dissimilar, to produce many distinct shades of temperament, which will find expression in their works of art.



Diamond Breast-Pin.
Love.

Adorn your bosom with this precious pin,
It shines without and warms the heart within.

A Graceful Bandeau.
Politeness.

The forehead neatly circled with this band
Will admiration and respect command.

A Precious Diadem.
Piety.

Whoe'er this precious diadem shall own,
Secures herself an everlasting crown.

Universal Beautifier.
Good Temper.

With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth;
It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.



THE May "National" will be a Spring number. What a magic there is in that word Spring. How it stirs the fancy, and makes the pulses leap. The snows melted and gone, the pussy willow buds unfolding, the sap starting in the trees, the small boys asking if they can't go barefoot—the housewife saying to herself: "It's about time to begin house cleaning," and a new briskness stealing into the step of the whole world. The air is fresher, the sunshine warmer, tasks lighter, and the heart more hopeful. Whatever we do, whatever we read, must partake of this spirit, or it is hardly done, indifferently read. The May "National" will take its readers into the field with the "Bee People," under the guidance of Aloysius Coll of Connellsville, Pa., a story teller of rare power and sympathy. With Clarence Hawkes, "the blind poet of Hadley," Mass., we will study the career of a "Country Doctor," a New England type, wise, witty, tender and brave, and we shall accompany him on one of the most thrilling rides ever made by man. Mr. Hawkes' style of story telling, his insight into the finer issues of life and nature, prove that, though blind, he sees more of the world than most who have eye-sight merely. He has that best of all sight—soul sight. You will enjoy his beautiful story. Other

tales will be joined with these to make an admirable expression of the beauty and the inspiration of the Spring time.

NO other magazine prints so many pictures of current news interest as the "National." This is peculiarly the "National's" field among American magazines. It is a very wide field—covering the whole country—north, south, east and west, and our contributors in every section are alert with pen and camera to procure for us whatever will please or instruct our readers. The May number will be no exception to our general rule—there will be an abundance of fine half tone engravings, depicting many and various phases of the affairs of the world, and of America in particular.

THE "National" is having an exceedingly gratifying growth in sales and subscriptions. The gains are general, but largest in the West and South. It is significant that Texas is second in our list of news stand sales. The fact is alike a compliment to Texas and to the "National." No other state in the Union is growing faster than Texas in population, wealth and power. The giant among the states is throwing off the chains with which partisan politics have

so long bound her vast potential energies; she is welcoming an enormous influx of northern brains and money, which are assisting her own sons to develop the riches with which nature underlaid her soil. The fact that nearly every order for the "National" from Texas is doubled from month to month seems to us to prove that the magazine is deserving its name—is as truly representative of the interests of Texas as of Massachusetts—and that is just exactly what we want it to be.

PREPARATIONS are making in Havana and Washington for the trans-

fer of authority in the island of Cuba, from the United States military governor to the civil officers of the new Republic of Cuba, headed by President Tomas Estrada Palma. The change is expected to take place about May 1, though the date is not yet definitely fixed, as this is written. Congress is still debating the measure of trade favor that shall be given the new republic, with the chances in favor of a treaty that Americans will be able to approve as fairly generous. The President has stood like a rock for what he deems fair treatment of the Cubans, and there is no doubt the vast majority of the press and people sanction his atti-

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY

From a snap shot photograph taken by a staff photographer, while the prince and secretary were driving from the railway station to the White House.

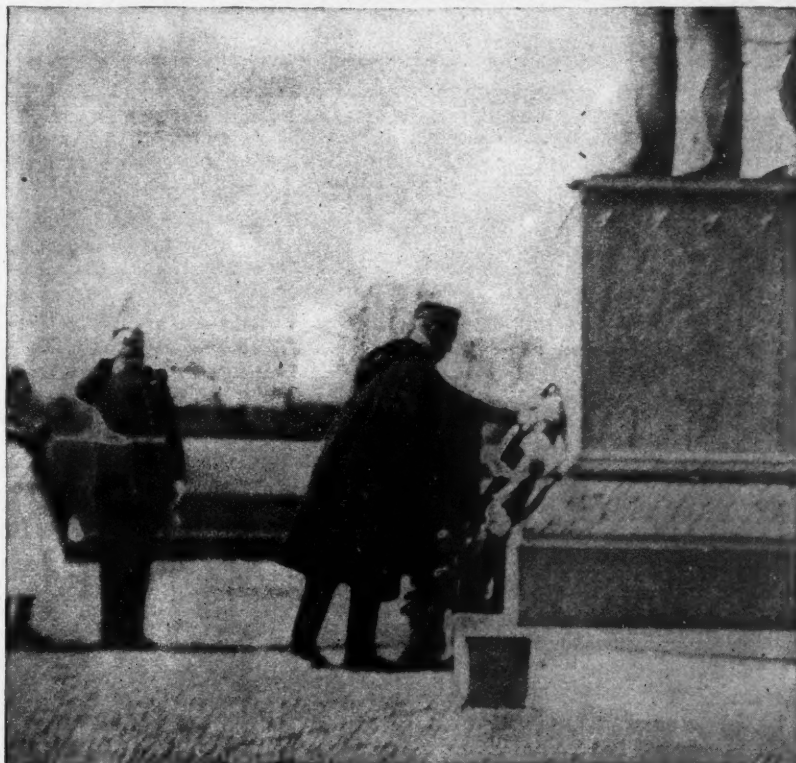


tude. Certain industrial interests, fearing to disturb present conditions, have opposed any alteration in existing tariff

ceded by the opponents of any change, but the advocates of reciprocity explain that this will leave the islanders still

PRINCE HENRY LAYING A WREATH AT THE BASE OF THE LINCOLN STATUE, IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

From a snap shot photograph made for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago.



schedules, even in favor of the Cubans. The President argues, that inasmuch as the United States has tied Cuba's hands in the matter of making favorable trade treaties with other countries, holding the island as ward, in a sense, the least we can do in common fairness is to open our own markets to her great products—sugar and tobacco—on such terms that she can make a living profit on them. The proposal to grant a reduction of twenty-five per cent in the duties on imports from Cuba has been grudgingly con-

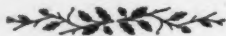
paying twenty-five per cent more tariff on what they sell the United States than the rest of the world pays. The average of our tariff on imports, these gentlemen say, is a shade below fifty per cent. The tariffs on sugar and tobacco, the only things Cuba has to sell us in any quantity, are 100 per cent. Twenty-five off 100 would leave Cuba twenty-five worse off than Germany, say, or England, in our markets—which looks to some people a good deal like taking advantage of a ward's weakness for the guardian's

profit. Speaker Henderson, convinced by the President and by the utterances of press and people in his own Iowa district, has decided to help carry out the President's Cuban policy, and its prospects are therefore very much brighter than they were a few weeks ago. Concerning other pending legislation of the first class, it may be said that the Senate will pass the shipping bill, more often alluded to as the ship subsidy bill, and that its friends believe they have a majority also in the House. National irrigation on some basis, probably nearly that of the Senate bill, which gives larger powers to state administrations than disinterested experts approve, seems likely to be authorized at this session of Congress. The "National" is especially interested in this movement, which makes for the creation of homes and wealth within our own borders, and at no expense to or violation of the aspirations of any other people on earth. It is a sort of expansion to which no one can object, except those who deny the right of the people to make their government an agency in advancing their prosperity. The "National's" February "Irrigation" number has been most widely circulated and quoted from, a sign of the tremendous public interest in this problem.

ON a rainy Sunday what a pleasure there is in reading an old-time favor-

ite author. It may be that years have elapsed since you first were acquainted, and as you begin to read the opening pages are blurred with pleasant or perhaps sad memories connected with the first reading. There is an association between reader and author that defies all psychological analysis. It is acquaintanceship idealized, because there is not the likelihood of friction in feeling as between personal friends. It was not so many rainy Sundays ago that I indulged in the luxury of a dip into Thomas Hardy, an old favorite; and with the reading of his "Pair of Blue Eyes" were clustered many tender memories of years ago. His incisive expression of impulse and emotions is so subtly and masterfully done—his pages have so much of the real warmth of human feeling common to every reader. Dear old friend Hardy! May we live to mingle with your village folks, for there is human nature pure and simple.

In "The Woodlanders" is shown, not only the character of the English, but the varying shades and phases of human impulse are subtly portrayed in words that make the study a pleasure and the pleasure a study. Take down an old favorite author some day—even you who plead "no time to read"—forget the Sunday paper and subdue that nervous restlessness which has come to be the chief characteristic of the American.



Spring

AGAIN the lark is here,
And Spring will soon be flying;
Cool air she loves to cheer.
Again the lark is here,
Soon violets will peer,
Then all the Spring be vying.
Again the lark is here,
And Spring will soon be flying.

Henry D. Muir